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Edited by AUSTIN HARRISON

NOVEMBER 1917

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Elizabeth Kirby
T. A. Collins
Margaret Lyster

Farewell to the Theatre — **Granville Barker**
The Novel Under Commerce — **J. D. Symon**
Caramel Trench — **D. J. Footman**
Broken Lights — **Hervey Fisher**

WAR AND RECONSTRUCTION

Poverty in Dublin — **Charles Travers, J.P., F.I.S.E.**
Co-operative Homes — **Mrs. Alec-Tweedie**
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Dear Sirs, Bournemouth, *1916.*

I am sending you an extract from my son's letter (he is on active service, somewhere in France). I wrote asking if I should send him vermin powder, and his reply is: "DON'T SEND ANY VERMIN POWDER, THANKS; I USE WRIGHT'S COAL TAR SOAP, THAT'S AS EFFECTIVE AND MUCH MORE PLEASANT."

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Same Coat, with skunk collar and cuffs, **39** Guineas.

FUR RENOVATIONS AND REMODELLING should be put in hand now, as six hundred expert alien enemy fur workers are interned, and nearly the whole of the expert English Furriers have joined the Army. Orders placed for renovations early in the Season will prevent disappointment which will be unavoidable during the Winter months.

NOTE.—This business will be closed on Saturdays until further notice.

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Advertisement Supplement

Christmas Gifts

¶ Soon the question of Christmas presents will be a pressing problem; indeed, in many instances, it is one now. Gifts for friends in far-off lands, on active service maybe, will not be received at the appropriate time unless dispatched very soon. It remains, then, to decide what to send. Why not a Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen? This is sure of a hearty welcome, whoever the recipient may be. It is quickly chosen and easy and inexpensive to send.

There are three types of Waterman's Ideal—the Regular, the Safety, and the Lever Pocket Self-filling, and in each type there is abundant choice in styles. The Regular type is obtainable at 10*s.* 6*d.* and upwards, and the Safety and the Lever Pocket Self-filling types at 15*s.* upwards.

For use on active service, the Safety or Lever Pocket Self-filling is to be preferred. The outstanding feature of the Safety is that it can be carried in any position without leaking, while that of the Self-filling is that it can be filled in a moment from any ink supply simply by raising the little lever, immersing the nib in ink, and closing the lever. This, the Lever Pocket Self-filling, is the latest type of Waterman's Ideal, and it has achieved immense popularity.

Every Waterman's Ideal is guaranteed, and there are iridium-tipped gold nibs to suit all hands. The nib can be changed either by the donor or the recipient if not exactly suitable. High-class stationers and jewellers have selections of the Ideal Pen for inspection and trial without obligation to purchase.

A further proof of its value is signified by the fact that the British manager of the Ingersoll Watch Company has equipped his entire London staff with Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pens, 125 of which are actually in use. The manager himself has had a Waterman's Ideal in constant use for twenty years, and he expects another twenty years' service from it. All offices who adopt it will ensure efficiency and effect a distinct saving.

All inquiries concerning the Waterman pen should be addressed to L. G. Sloan, Ltd., The Pen Corner, Kingsway.

New Paris Model Hats.

¶ Even in the midst of war all women must confess to a little thrill at the mention of Paris model hats, and as a hat is a necessity at this time of the year we may be forgiven if we spend some little thought and some little time in its purchase. We are quite loyal and quite patriotic and most of us very hard workers, so there is no reason to have an unsuitable hat if we can get one to suit us at a moderate price. At Messrs. Marshall and Snelgrove's millinery salons, Vere-street and Oxford-street, there are some delightful hats including the very latest French models. You pay your money and you take your choice, and whatever sum you pay you get splendid value.

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If you want a plain smart velour or one of the new soft felts you will find it on the ground floor where nothing is higher priced than 39*s*. 6*d*. Upstairs there are exclusive and beautiful models from about two guineas. For practical use there are close-fitting velours in many choice shades at 29*s*. 6*d*.—there are others in the new wide shape at 33*s*. 9*d*. and round sailors at 39*s*. 6*d*. Felts in excellent quality all ready trimmed are only 14*s*. 9*d*. and a velour-finished felt at 16*s*. 9*d*. may be mentioned amongst the lower priced models.

Most becoming little tam caps in velvet can be had in all colours at two guineas, and there are velours in all the exclusive new shades for the season at two and a half guineas, while stitched felts in all colours at 55*s*. 9*d*. are novel and effective. Three-cornered hats are to be quite the rage this season, and I saw several of these among the new French models—one in green panne at 45*s*. 9*d*. was especially striking. A quilted hat of panne with high crown was another novelty, and I liked a navy velvet which had a turn-up front fastened with decorative buttons on to the brim. A French model of gold tissue and black velvet was made in the wide-winged fashion which is very becoming to wear—and in contrast to this a nigger velvet had a tall crown, on the edge of which a big *chou* of velvet was super-imposed. A big black panne with a plaited wool crown and wool flowers and a three-cornered fur trimmed with black panne were two others of distinction and beauty. I must mention just one other thing which is special in millinery this season. A model set comprising stole and hat of moleskin edged with stamped duveteen in a beautiful jade colour. And just a last word for those who like a sailor shape—there are many in velvet—at 39*s*. 6*d*. and 35*s*. 6*d*. which really look worth a great deal more.

Shop Early for Xmas

¶ Posts are erratic in these stirring war days, and it is well to remember that everything we send abroad must go earlier than usual if it is to get to its destination by Christmas. There are many things we can buy at once, especially the things that the men in the trenches will appreciate, such things as we find at the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Co., which are always of the best quality and utmost value whatever their price. Watches, cigarette tubes, cases, flasks, pocket note-cases, cigar and cigarette boxes may be mentioned among the ideal gifts for our soldier friends, but a visit to the showrooms at 112 Regent-street will reveal many other treasures of a practical and useful character which would be highly appreciated at this season of the year. The successful giver always knows the wants of the recipient, for gifts chosen haphazard and thoughtlessly never give the same amount of pleasure as those on which time and thought have been expended. Everyone can be happily suited at the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Co. with just the gift they have been coveting, whether it is a trifle in silver for the soldier, the dainty brooch or pendant or jewelled wrist-watch for the woman carrying on at home, or the

OVERHEARD

Illustrated by F. H. Townsend

Distinguished Architect (*an old friend*). Look here, old man, since we *are* to have gas fires and no chimneys, why the conventional chimney piece?

Client. But how would you treat the fireplaces?

Architect. Just fix the gas fires with a tile surround and a hard wood moulding round the tiles. We should have a small plastered recess in the brickwork over the fire and a tiled hearth with a curb—like this . . . (*draws rough sketch*).

Client. Rather neat—eh? No fire irons, scuttles, or coals—what?

Architect. With radiators in the hall, passages and bathroom, there'd be no necessity for either coals or a coal cellar.

Client. What about the kitchen?—no range, of course?

Architect. Certainly *not!* Gas cookers, a gas water heater, and a small gas fire . . . . No one uses a coal range nowadays.

Client. And the kitchen rubbish—what about that?

Architect. A small gas incinerator would destroy all that.

Client. Regular all-gas house—what? You'll have gas for lighting?

Architect. Certainly, certainly! I should advise inverted incandescent gas lights with nice silk shades. Better for your eyesight and keeps the air circulating in the rooms . . . . more hygienic.

"*You're growing very domesticated all of a sudden . . . .*"

Client (*self-consciously*). And—er—what about a hot cupboard . . . for the—er—towels and linen and things?

Architect. Easily arranged. We should connect up the pipes with the gas water heater.

Client. And I s'pose we could have a connection for a gas-heated iron—what?

Architect. Oh, yes! (*Suspiciously*) You're growing very domesticated all of a sudden . . .

Client (*embarrassed*). Well, I want to get the thing right, and—er—we've been talking it over a little—

Architect. H'm! . . . (*With growing enlightenment*). Look here, old chap, its lunch time. What do you say to having a chop and talking things over?

Client. Only too pleased! (*Hurriedly*). You see, our idea is to save labour as much as possible . . . this—er—domestic problem isn't going to get any easier, and we don't want to have a lot of grates to clean and coal to carry and all that . . . (*Still more embarrassed*). I've seen one of these all-gas houses and it struck me as just a topping idea.

Architect (*dryly*). I see . . come along, old chap! (*Reaches for his hat and stick, slyly humming popular air,* "Hullo! Hullo! Who's Your Lady Friend?" (*Client glances up suspiciously and catches his eye. They burst out laughing and warmly shake hands.*) So that's it, is it? I'm delighted, old man, of course! And now, tell me—who is SHE? (*Exeunt, arm in arm.*)

tea service or toilet set for the war bride. Do not let us forget to be generous although the war clouds remain thick as the season of peace and goodwill draws nigh.

The Comfort of a Great Coat

¶ It does not matter what else we go without—we cannot dispense with an overcoat, and fortunately the fur-trimmed models are so smart that we can be just as happy with them as with a fur coat, indeed happier, those of us who walk much—and with crowded buses and tubes and no taxis walking will come much more into favour this winter. The velour coat is the ideal coat for the moment, and I have seen some really lovely models with great collars of fur at Messrs. Debenham and Freebody's coat salons in Wigmore-street. There was one in a rich wine-colour velour cut on full straight lines with a little band across the back and a band to tie in front, the sides hanging loose. This had a big collar of racoon and cuffs to match, and can be had in all colours at fourteen and a half guineas. Another model in velour trimmed with raccoon I saw in a beautiful shade of beige, and in beige also there was a very graceful coat cut with a straight back and with bands at the sides which had a very deep collar of a favourite fur this season, light American opossum.

Quite remarkable value can be obtained at seven and a half guineas in a coat of heavy weight velour, cut full and with band and pockets, with a big collar and pocket trimmings of a nutria beaver—this I saw in wine—one of the leading shades—but it can be had in a variety of other colours, and a similar coat in lighter weight velour with a collar of nutria beaver is five and a half guineas in all colours.

It will be seen, therefore, that really well-cut, fur-trimmed coats in the choicest colours and materials can be had at prices which suit everyone at Debenham's.

The Cigarette Blenders' Master-piece

¶ The average cigarette smoker has so little knowledge of the art of blending, that he scarcely realises why it is that though the cost to him of various brands may be much about the same, the brands vary so much in flavour and mildness.

It is a good many years since M. Jean de Reszke, the famous tenor who delighted English concert goers, was advised by his doctors that unless he could find a cigarette that would not injure his throat he would either have to give up smoking or to give up singing. In his quest for a cigarette he was introduced to Mr. J. Millhoff, the doyen of all blenders, whom he asked to produce a

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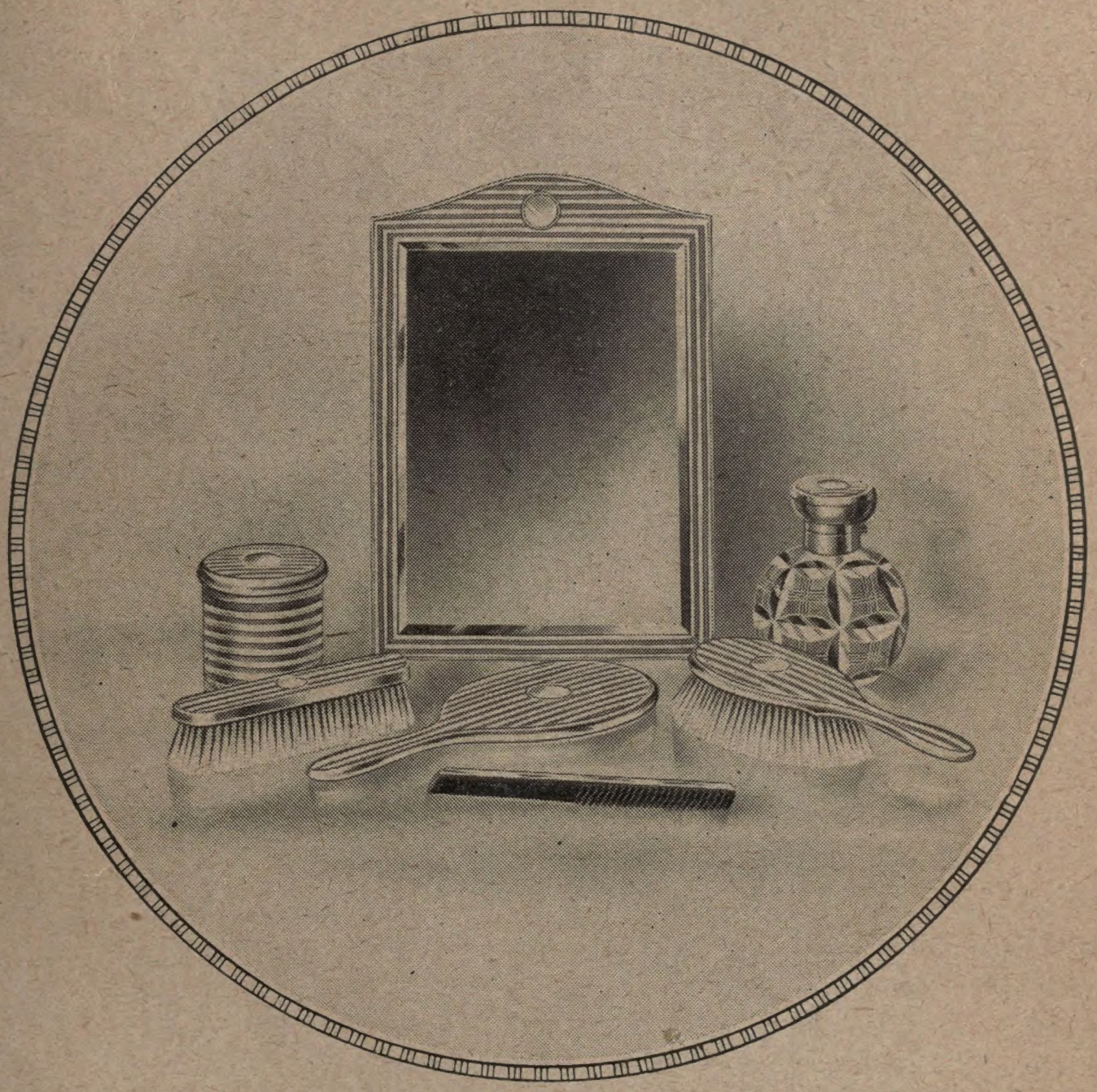

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A selection can be sent for approval if desired, carriage paid, at the Company's risk. A Catalogue of Gifts sent post free on application.

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blend that would answer his purpose. How Mr. Millhoff succeeded, and thus the "De Reszke" Turkish cigarette was given its name, is now well known. But what perhaps is more remarkable still, is that Mr. Millhoff has now succeeded in producing a blend for smokers who prefer the Virginia cigarette, that has similarly advantageous characteristics in that while the cigarette is rich and full-bodied it is yet mellow and smooth, "soft" as the experts call it, without any trace of any injurious effects on the throat.

It is interesting to note, by the way, that the "De Reszke" American cigarettes—for that is the name given to the new brand of Virginian tobacco—can be obtained of tobacconists everywhere, or direct from the manufacturers, J. Millhoff and Co., Ltd., 86, Piccadilly, London, W. at 20 for 1*s.* 5*d.*, 25 for 1*s.* 9*d.*, 6*s.* 10*d.* for 100.

A Loaf of Bread

¶ The children's cry for bread must not be in vain, and there must be no falling off in our contributions to Dr. Barnardo's Homes. Last year 167,163 half-crowns were collected to pay for the children's food during the winter months. The need this year is greater and prices are high. Every half-crown will be received with gratitude by the Honorary Director, Mr. William Baker.

Over 7,000 of the nation's children are in residence at Dr. Barnardo's Homes, and it is our national duty to help to feed them by contributing as many half-crowns as we can spare. Let me make a special appeal to all ENGLISH REVIEW readers to help.

A. E. M. B.

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ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS, AND NASAL CATARRH

The Dr. Edwin W. Alabone Treatment

Articles are frequently appearing in the newspapers and magazines, written by persons who, whilst they deplore the serious loss the United Kingdom sustains annually through the ravages of consumption, hold out no hope of a cure being found. What these people write regarding tuberculosis naturally tends to have a very depressing effect on consumptives who are unfortunate enough to read pessimistic statements. We hasten to say that the belief in the impossibility to cure phthisis is absolutely without foundation, and the sooner the established fact that consumption *can* be cured is everywhere appreciated the better it will be for the masses.

It is not due to the much vaunted open-air measures that we are enabled to state that victims of consumption can be restored to health and strength, but to the specific treatment for phthisis and allied complaints promulgated by Dr. Edwin W. Alabone, which undoubtedly offers the best possible chance of cure. It has been put to the severest tests, and its success has been phenomenal, especially in view of the fact that so many of the patients cured have not commenced the treatment until the eleventh hour, after their cases had been given up as hopeless in other quarters.

As we have before mentioned, any reader who happens to be personally interested in the vitally important question of the cure of consumption should acquaint himself with the *modus operandi* of the Alabone method of treatment. It would certainly be worth his while to do so.

Thousands of people have been cured by this treatment, very many of whom have written telling of the benefit they have received.

The following letter is of interest :—

"Birmingham,
"*8th March*, 1917.

"The Dr. E. W. Alabone Treatment.

"Dear Sirs,—I feel compelled to state briefly my firm belief in your treatment of Phthisis.

"I have just concluded a six months' course of treatment, and I have endeavoured to comply with your instructions kindly given to me from time to time. I believe at the time I took up your treatment the disease had not gone very far, but from that time I steadily put on weight and my general condition gradually improved, and I am very pleased, and indeed thankful, to inform you that after being tested in many ways during the last three months, I am now pronounced cured. I have to thank you for the very businesslike and courteous manner in which you have dealt with my case, including the prompt despatch of medicines and replies to inquiries I have made during my course. I should have no hesitation whatever in earnestly recommending the Alabone Treatment to anyone suffering from the disease.—I am, dear Sirs, yours faithfully,

"A. C. H."

This case, previous to adopting the Treatment, had been in a sanatorium, and had tried Tuberculin Injections.

"Worcester.

"The Dr. Edwin W. Alabone Treatment.

"Dear Sirs,—I was yesterday examined by my doctor, who was very pleased with the result of the examination. He said that he could not find any trace of active disease, and that, in his opinion, I could now discontinue the Alabone Treatment.

"I should now like to put on record my appreciation of the benefits I have received from your Treatment. I am sure it has been the means of restoring me to a state of good health and strength again. You may be sure that I shall recommend the Treatment to anyone suffering from Consumption with whom I may come in contact.—I remain, yours very sincerely,

"W. S."

The most complete information on this important question will be gladly supplied on application to the Secretary, The Dr. Edwin W. Alabone Treatment, Lynton House, 12 Highbury Quadrant, London, N.5.

Of course, we need hardly point out that what has now come to be known as "The Alabone Treatment" for Consumption and Asthma is not a success in every instance; naturally some do not recover; nevertheless, **the claim is perfectly** justified that in the great majority of cases it is possible to effect genuine and lasting cures, even where the disease is far advanced.

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THE ENGLISH REVIEW

Edited by Austin Harrison

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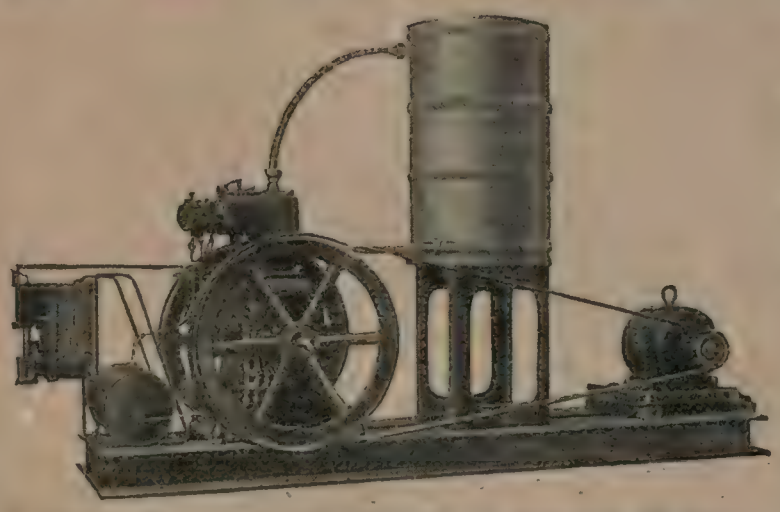

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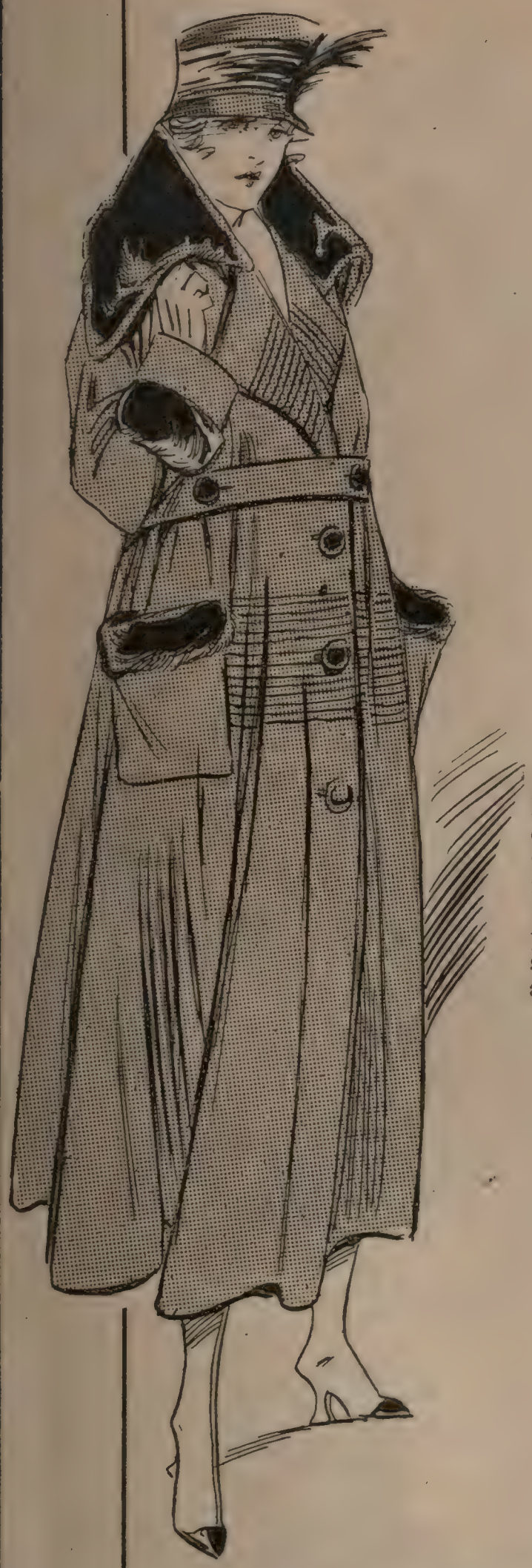

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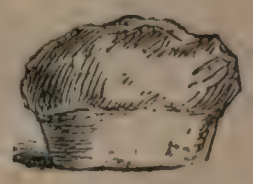
FOR  ?

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THE

ENGLISH REVIEW

NOVEMBER, 1917

Ultra Credem

By Stephen Southwold

OUT of the dark where lie the uncaring dead
I heard a voice that whispered, "Dream no more;
All these have stood astare upon the shore
For their dream-argosies that now are sped.

These knew the hag Desire, and her elf-child
That men call Hope; this dust cried to the dust
Of all the gods we frame of fear and lust,
And with their suppliant echoes were beguil'd.

Downthrowing of old altars, and again
Uprearing of new temples age on age;
Quenching the brute to quicken the white rage
Of dreaming that the pale stars teach to men.

Behind the beast lags inarticulate.
Beyond? . . . Each dawning out of the crimson sky
The sun comes laughing and the sun shall die—
Yet not the sun-warmed dust made animate!

O dream on maddening dream: this thing is sure,
The grave must hold you, and the afterdark
Knows no resurgence of the living spark
That ran like flame, and shall not more endure.

Bewitched by creed, and lured by Paradise,
Blinded by lies, priest-led to godlihood;
What have they made of all your human good
But bloody altars and young sacrifice.

Seed as the seed of flowers. Wherefore weep
For life on life or everlasting bliss;
Drink deep of beauty, answer kiss with kiss;
The nothing all things end in yet is sleep.

O little gods veiled and immaculate;
O little men who dream of littler souls;
Have ye none other than eternal goals
For Truth to which your sons be consecrate?"

The Passing Bell

By Elizabeth Kirby

Unto a convent came the Magdalene,
She tottered as she walked, her eyes were dim,
They stupidly surveyed the distant scene,
And saw it not, but ever looked for him.
A gentle nun undressed her with a sigh,
And all the convent knelt to watch her die.

(The love of God, they said, is over all,
And He hath pity for a sparrow's fall.)

. . . . . .

All night she cried, and thought they did not see,
She sorrowed softly like a lonely child.
She said: "Dear Jesus, make him come to me,
Oh, send him to me, Jesu, meek and mild."
She wept and whispered: "Sweet, I love you so,
Dear, I forgive you that you had to go.

. . . . . .

"I was not fair enough to please my king,
I could not keep you longer than a day,
And so at evening time your love took wing,
You did not want me, so you went away.
I wish I had been prettier, my dear,
So that I might have kept you for a year."

THE PASSING BELL

(The love of God, they said, is like a star
That shines upon this desert where we are.)

. . . . . .

"I wish I had been beautiful," she sighed,
And covered up her face, and lay so still
That they who watched her thought she must have died;
And yet she breathed, as one who climbs a hill
Beyond his strength, so difficult her breath
That impotently struggled against death.

. . . . . .

"I love you still," she said, "I will be true
In life and death, in heaven or in hell.
In hell or heaven I will think of you—
Dear Lord, forgive me if I love too well!
Oh, lay the burden of our sin on me,
Let me be stoned for our adultery."

(The love of God, they said, is like the sky,
So broad and clean, so very broad and high.)

. . . . . .

"He left me for a prostitute," she said,
"A pretty woman with a painted face;
I wish I too had had a golden head,
I might have held him for a little space;
He might have stayed with me for one day more,
If I had been as clever as that whore."

(The love of God, they said, is everywhere,
But most with little children in despair.)

. . . . . .

"Dear God," she moaned, "why am I hurt like this?
I only gave myself for his delight,
Was it such a deadly sin to let him kiss?
Such wickedness to sleep with him that night?
One little night for all these months of pain,
And so great loss against so small a gain.

. . . . . .

"He struck me with his hand that dreadful day,
Because I clung to him in my despair;
He struck me, Lord, and tore himself away,
He left red bloodstains on my face and hair.
Oh, Christ, sweet Christ, he struck me with his hand,
Dear Christ," she wailed, "I do not understand."

(The love of God, they said, is like the sea,
An imperturbable deep mystery.)

. . . . . .

Then she stretched out her arm with such a sigh
As tired men give who have no hope of rest,
And all the magic of the moonlit sky
Made soft white shadows on her withered breast,
While her thin fingers wavered to and fro,
And vaguely clutched and listlessly let go.

. . . . . .

A restless auguish took her at the last,
She sought for words, yet had not strength to speak,
The aimless fingers opened and shut fast,
The wan lips quivered, piteously weak,
One groping hand went out—"Dear Heart," she cried,
With that the darkness gathered, and she died.

(The love of God, they said, is like a land
Whose language none may fully understand.)

Fear

By T. A. Collins

Though the black wings of Fear oppress my sky,
Though sharp her talons vex my shrinking flesh,
I would not bid her fly.

Whilst Fear remains, my Hope can yet abide,
My heart still beat, my senses comprehend,
The Gods be satisfied.

But should Fear pass on some wild panic night,
What if I saw in the calm certain dawn
My Hope had fled the light?

Foreign Flowers

By Margaret Lyster

When the first warm wind has blown
  On trees still wet from rain,
From the sunny mountain
  Come again!
Carrying flowers with long, long stalks
From Southern woods and walks
Long stalk and leaf that drips
Spring-white; and redder tips,
  And from your lips,
Not love and not reproach;
Only a smile, such
  As the mountains know,
Where hides the Edelweiss in Alpensnow—
Come from the woods and walks
  Carrying flowers that drip
With long—long stalks
  And some of redder lip!

Farewell to the Theatre*

By Granville Barker

A Talk between Edward McLenegan and Dorothy Taverner

This talk took place in Edward's office. He is a London solicitor, and his office reflects his standing. It is, that is to say, a musty, dusty room in a house two hundred years old or so, now mercilessly chopped into offices. The woodwork is so old and cracked that new paint looks old on it, and fresh paper on the walls looks dingy in a day. You may clean the windows (and it is sometimes done), but nothing will make them shine. The floor has been polished and stained and painted, and scraped and painted again, till it hardly looks like wood at all. And the furniture is old, not old enough to be interesting—old enough to be very respectable. There are some pictures on the wall. One is a good print of Lord Mansfield, one represents a naval battle, the third a nondescript piece of mountain scenery. How the battle and the nondescript came there nobody knows. One pictures some distracted client arriving with them under his arm. They were left to lean against the walls ten years or so; then a clerk hung them up. The newest thing in the room, and quite the strangest seeming there, is a photograph on the mantelpiece of Edward's daughter, and that has been here nine years or so, ever since she died. A pretty child.

Well, the papers renew themselves and the room is full of them, bundles and bundles and bundles. They spread about poor Edward like the leaves of a forest; they lie packed close like last year's leaves, and in time are buried deep like leaves of the year before last. His clerk knows what they all are and where everything is. He flicks a feather duster over them occasionally, and has been observed to put some

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—very reluctantly—away. Very reluctantly. For, after all, these are the fabric of a first-class practice, and it is his instinct to have them in evidence. Edward has never thought about it. Thus was the room when his uncle walked out of it and he walked in, and thus he will leave it in a few years for some junior partner.

Note the signs, then, by which a lawyer marks himself above reproach. Beware the businesslike, well-polished office clicking with machinery. There works a man who does not practise law so much as make a practice of it. Beware!

Edward is at his desk. Wherever else is he unless he rises wearily to stretch his long limbs before the fire? Thin, humorous, and rather more than middle-aged, a sensitive, distinguished face. One likes Edward. His clerk shows in Dorothy Taverner. Everybody knows Miss Dorothy Taverner. The clerk beams at her with forgetful joy—shamelessly at *her while he tried to say to Edward, "Miss Taverner, sir." Then he departs.*

EDWARD. How punctual!

DOROTHY. Twelve-ten by the clock out there. Your note said eleven-thirty.

EDWARD. And I said, how punctual!

They shake hands like the oldest friends. He bends a little over her pretty hand.

DOROTHY. You have no right to send for me at all when I'm rehearsing . . . and you know it.

EDWARD. It was urgent. Sit down.

DOROTHY. My dear Edward, nothing is more urgent than that my rehearsals should go right . . . and if I leave the company to the mercy of my understudy and this author-boy . . . though he's a nice author-boy . . . they don't.

EDWARD. I'm sure they don't.

DOROTHY. His beating heart tells him that we must all be bad actors because we don't live and move just like the creatures as he began thinking them into being. He almost weeps. Then I tell him God called him into collaboration fifty-three flying years too late, as far as I'm concerned.

EDWARD. Oh . . . oh!

DOROTHY. Fifty-four will have flown on November the eighteenth. And that cheers us all up, and we start again. Well, dear friend, you are fifty-seven, and you . . . look it. Having made point, pause for effect. Edward carefully places legal documents on one side.

EDWARD. My dear Dorothy . . .

DOROTHY. That tone means that a little business talk has now begun. Where's the rickety paper-knife that I play with? Thank you.

EDWARD. Vernon Dix and . . . Boothby . . . is that the name of your treasurer? . . . paid me a formal visit yesterday afternoon.

DOROTHY. Behind my back! What about?

EDWARD. They complain you won't look at your balance-sheets . . .

DOROTHY (*with cheerful charm*). But they're liars. I look at them every week.

EDWARD. . . . That you won't study them.

DOROTHY. I'm studying a new part.

EDWARD. They brought me a pretty full statement. I spent some hours over it.

DOROTHY. More money wanted?

EDWARD. They also brought me the estimate for this new play.

DOROTHY. It'll be exceeded.

EDWARD. Can more money be found?

DOROTHY. We can search.

EDWARD. Do you remember the last search?

DOROTHY. The rent's paid till Christmas.

EDWARD. Trust your landlord!

DOROTHY. This play may do well.

EDWARD. It may not.

Dorothy gives a sigh. With an impatient gesture or two she takes off her hat and puts it obliviously on Edward's inkstand. She runs her fingers through her front hair, takes out a hair-pin, and viciously replaces it. Signs, these are, that she is worried.

DOROTHY. Yes, I remember the last search. Nearly kissed by old James Levison for dear Art's sake. At my age! I wonder did he guess what an even choice it was between five thousand pounds and boxing his flat white ears?

EDWARD. There was Shelburne's five thousand, and Mrs. Minto's . . .

DOROTHY. Well, I did kiss Lord Shelburne . . . he's a dear. Blue-eyed and over seventy or under twenty . . . then I always want to kiss them. Why?

EDWARD. My eyes . . . alas! . . . were never blue, and never will be now.

DOROTHY. Because I suppose then they don't care whether I do or not. All that money gone? I'm sorry. Mrs. Minto can't afford it.

EDWARD. No, it's not all gone. And another five thousand will make you safe through this season. Another ten thousand, unless you've very bad luck, should carry you to Christmas . . . otherwise, if this new play isn't an instant success, you must close.

Dorothy sits upright in her chair.

DOROTHY. I have been in management for sixteen years. I have paid some dividends. "Dividends" is correct, I think.

EDWARD. I keep a sort of abstract which reminds me of the fearful and wonderful way you have been financed.

DOROTHY. Dear Edward, I should have cheated everybody but for you.

EDWARD. I have also managed mostly to stop you from cheating yourself. Dorothy, it is odd that the people who put money in only to make some did often manage to make it out of you, while the people who stumped up for Art's sake and yours never got anything at all.

DOROTHY. I don't see anything odd in that. They got what they wanted. People always do. Some of them got the Art . . . and one of them nearly got me.

EDWARD. Why didn't you marry him, Dorothy? A good fellow . . . a good match.

DOROTHY (*her voice pealing out*). Oh, my dear! Marry him? Marry! Confound him . . . why did he ask me? Now I can't ever ask h i m for a penny again. Yes . . . on that bright Sunday morning the manageress was tempted, I won't deny.

EDWARD. But the record of the past five years does not warrant you promising more dividends . . . and that's the truth.

DOROTHY. Well . . . shall we hide the balance-sheets

away, and shall I gird myself with boastfulness once more . . . once weary more? What is our record for dear Art's sake? Shakespeare . . . without scenery. Molière, Holberg, Ibsen, Strindberg, Maeterlinck, Shaw, Hauptmann, d'Annunzio, Benevente, Giacosa, Parraval, Ostrowsky, Lavallière, Tchekoff, Galsworthy, Masefield, Henniker and Borghese, Brieux, Yeats, van Arpent and Claudel. Some of it sounds quite old-fashioned already . . . and some has begun to pay. When a Knight of the Garter dies, you know, they proclaim his title over his tomb. You'll have to come to my burning, Edward, and through a trumpet of rolled-up balance-sheets proclaim my titles to fame. "She, here deceased, did her duty by them, Shakespeare, Ibsen. . . ." How I hate boasting! And boasting to millionaires to get money out of them. I'm as vain as a peacock still . . . but boasting I hate.

EDWARD. Then consider. You can see through the production of this . . . what's it called?

DOROTHY. The Salamander. Good title!

EDWARD. If it fails . . . shut up . . . finally.

DOROTHY. Yes . . . I've been thinking of doing that, Edward. The Salamander won't succeed in the fine full business sense . . . though now I've whispered that for the first time it most perversely may.

EDWARD. Then what on earth are you putting it up for?

DOROTHY. Because it's good enough . . . and then the next can be better. It won't succeed because I've only a small part in it. Say Egoist . . . say Actress.

EDWARD. Wiser to keep out altogether.

DOROTHY. And then it wouldn't succeed, because the dear Public would think I didn't believe in it enough. Queer, silly children the dear Public are, aren't they? For ten years now my acting is held to have grown steadily worse, so quite rightly they won't rush to plays with me in them. But then they won't have my plays with me out of them, either. So what's a poor body to do?

EDWARD. I don't hold that your acting has grown steadily worse.

DOROTHY. Well . . . not steadily, perhaps. But I never was steady, was I? And you don't like the parts I choose?

EDWARD. Not when you hide yourself behind them.

DOROTHY. I never do.

EDWARD. Your old self. But I want you to finish with it all, anyway.

DOROTHY. Why?

EDWARD. Because I fear to see heart-break ahead.

DOROTHY. That you need never look to see . . . for the best of reasons.

EDWARD. You still do care . . . far too much.

DOROTHY. Do I hanker for the old thrill . . . like wine bubbling in one's heart . . . and then the stir in the audience when . . . on I came? Dear friend, you now prefer my acting . . . off the stage. My well-known enthusiasm! It seems to me it rings more tinny every day. But I'm glad it takes you in. Still, even that's only an echo . . . growing fainter since I died.

EDWARD. My dear Dorothy.

DOROTHY. Oh . . . but you knew I was dead. You own now to mourning me. You know the day and hour I died. Hypocrite! I remember how you congratulated me on the tragic occasion . . . kissing my hand. . . . You're the only man that does it naturally. Doesn't that abstract remind you when we produced The Flight of the Duchess?

EDWARD. Many of us thought you very good.

DOROTHY. Because I was far, far better than many a bad actress would have been. It is the queerest sensation, Edward, to be dead . . . though after a while you get quite used to it. Are you still alive, by the way?

EDWARD. There is the same feeble flicker that there ever has been.

DOROTHY. Burn on, dear Edward, burn on . . . that I may warm my poor hands sometimes at the flame you are.

EDWARD. It can serve no better purpose.

DOROTHY. No . . . so I'm sure I think.

There falls a little silence. Then Edward speaks; the more bitterly that it is without anger.

EDWARD. Damn them! I'd damn their souls, if they had any. They've helped themselves to you at so much a time for . . . how many years? Dorothy, what have they ever given you in return?

DOROTHY. Oh, if that were all my grievance I'd be a happy ghost this day. If I'd a thousand souls, and they

wanted them, the dear Public . . . as they need them . . . God knows they do . . . they should have every one, for me. What does the law say, Edward? Is a soul private property?

EDWARD. There are decisions against it.

DOROTHY. Then I prefer your law to your religion. It's more public-spirited.

EDWARD. My ancestral brand of religion, my dear, taught me to disapprove very strongly of the theatre.

DOROTHY. And after watching my career you've found out why. How long have you been in this office, Edward?

EDWARD. Thirty years, nearly.

DOROTHY. The weight of them! Do you remember having tea at Richmond . . . at The Roebuck at Richmond . . . when they'd offered you this billet and we talked wisely of the future?

EDWARD. I do.

DOROTHY. And I made you take it, didn't I?

EDWARD. You did.

DOROTHY. And I wouldn't marry you.

Edward looks at her. One side of his mouth twitches a little. You might charitably call it a smile. But his eyes are smiling.

DOROTHY. Don't say you didn't ask me to marry you.

EDWARD. On that occasion?

DOROTHY. Yes . . . on that occasion, too. That's what one calls the Past, isn't it? How right I was . . . and what successes we've both been!

EDWARD. My son Charles tells me that I have done very well. Do you know, I was moved to ask him the other night, as we sat in the box, whether he wasn't in love with you?

DOROTHY. Do you think it's hereditary?

EDWARD. He said he had been as a boy.

DOROTHY. How old is he?

EDWARD. Twenty-three.

DOROTHY. Bless him! If young things love you, be quite sure that you're alive. I do regret sometimes.

EDWARD. What did happen . . . so suddenly?

DOROTHY. What happens to the summer? You go walking one day and you feel that it has gone.

EDWARD. You've been that to the Theatre.

DOROTHY. A summer day . . . a long, long summer day. Thank you. I prefer the sonnet which calls me a breath of spring. But truly he died . . . oh, that lion's head of his! . . . before I was full blown.

EDWARD. I know it by heart.

DOROTHY. It's a good sonnet.

EDWARD. It makes history of you.

DOROTHY. And it never made me vain a bit, because indeed I knew it was true. Yes, I like to be standard literature.

EDWARD. Easy enough for a poet to be public-spirited over you.

DOROTHY. But from the time I was born, Edward, I believe I knew my destiny. And I've never quarrelled with it . . . never. I can't imagine how people get along if they don't know by sheer instinct what they're meant to be and do. What muddles they must make of life!

EDWARD. They do . . . and then come to me for advice. It's how you told me to earn my living.

DOROTHY. You only tell them what the law says, and what two and two make. That's all you ever tell me. But what I was alive for I have always known. So, of course, I knew when I died.

EDWARD. Dorothy, my dear, it hurts me to hear you say it.

DOROTHY. Why? We must all die and be born again . . . how many times in our lives? I went home that night and sent poor old Sarah to bed. And I didn't curse and break things . . . I'd always let myself do that a little on occasions . . . it seemed so much more human . . . when I was alone . . . oh, only when I was quite alone. But that night it had all been different . . . and I sat still in the dark . . . and wondered . . . wondered what was to happen now. It's a frightening thing at best to lose your old and well-trained trusted self . . . and not know what the new one's going to be. I was angry. I had rehearsed the wretched play so well, too. Why do people think I've no brains, Edward?

EDWARD. I suppose because you're so pretty.

DOROTHY. Or perhaps because I don't use them for the things they were never meant to be used for. I've sometimes thought, since I can't act any longer, I might show

the dear Public my rehearsing. That'd teach them! But there . . . I've come down to wanting to teach them. Time to retire indeed. For, you see, after that night I wasn't born again. Something . . . didn't happen. And a weary business it has been finding out what. With the dear Public helping me to discover . . . hard on them they've thought it. And you so patient with my passion to keep on failing . . . hard on you. For you've not understood. I've disappointed you these later years. Own up.

EDWARD. If it's admitted that all my heart is your most humble servant, I'll own up again to disapproving of the Theatre . . . to disapproving most thoroughly of acting and of actors, too, and to doubly disapproving when any new nonsense about them is added to life's difficulties.

DOROTHY. Yes . . . if life's so important! Well . . . I have four hundred a year s a f e to retire on, haven't I, Edward?

EDWARD. As safe as money can be.

DOROTHY. I do think that money ought to learn to be safe. It has no other virtues. And I've got my Abbey.

EDWARD. Milford Abbey is safe for you from everything but earthquake.

DOROTHY. How utterly right that I should end my days in a shanty built out of the stones of that great abbey and buttressed up in its shell!

EDWARD. Is it?

DOROTHY. Oh, Edward, if you had but the artist's sense of the eternal fitness of things, you'd find it such a help . . .

EDWARD. . . . To imagining Miss Dorothy leading the Milford monks such a dance.

DOROTHY. Well . . . their religion was not of this world, nor is mine. But yours is, dear Edward. Therefore, the follies of art and saintliness must seem to you two sorts of folly, and not one. St. Francis would have understood me. I should have been his dear sister Happiness. But you and the railway trains running on time would have puzzled him no end.

EDWARD. What foolishness makes you say you're dead, my dear!

DOROTHY. While . . . if I'd lived the cautious life, I shouldn't be. If I'd sold my fancies for a little learning,

virginity for a gold ring, likings for good manners, hate for silence . . . if I ever could have learnt the world's way . . . to measure out gifts for money and thanks . . . well, I'd have been married to you perhaps, Edward. And then you never could have enjoyed my Imogen as you used to enjoy it. You used to say it was a perfect tonic.

EDWARD. So it was!

DOROTHY. Yes, dear, you never had the gift of subtle expression, had you?

EDWARD. From the beginning I suppose you expected more of life than ever I could find in it.

DOROTHY. Whatever I expected, my friend, I bargained for nothing at all.

EDWARD. I'd like you to know this, Dorothy, that for all my rectangular soul, as you used to call it . . . when I asked you to marry me . . .

DOROTHY. On which of those great occasions?

EDWARD. On the various occasions I did ask you before I did . . . otherwise . . . marry.

DOROTHY. I think there were five . . . or six. I recall them with pride.

EDWARD. But not with enough of it to ensure accuracy.

DOROTHY. And was it never just for the sake of repeating yourself?

EDWARD. No. When I was most ridiculously in love I used to think three times before I faced a life with you in that . . .

DOROTHY. Well?

EDWARD. That flowery wilderness which was your life. I knew there were no safe roads for me there. And yet I asked you . . . knowing that very well.

DOROTHY. I'm glad . . . for your sake . . . that you risked it.

EDWARD. Glad, for your own, you didn't?

DOROTHY. Did you really only marry her because I told you to?

EDWARD. I fear so.

DOROTHY. That was a wrong reason for doing the right thing. But I could not have one of the ablest men of his set in everything else said at his club to be sentimentalising his life away about an actress . . . I really couldn't. They told me she was desperately in love with you. And I never

would have spoken to you again if you hadn't. Edward, it was never hard on her, was it?

EDWARD. No, Dorothy, I hope and think it never was. I made her happy in every ordinary sense . . . at least, I felt she felt so.

DOROTHY. And you did love her, didn't you, Edward?

EDWARD. I shouldn't put this into words, perhaps. I thought through those twenty-five years I gave her all the love that her love asked for. But the world of . . . folly, one calls it . . . into which your laugh had once lifted me . . .

DOROTHY. Or was it wisdom?

EDWARD. That, my dear Dorothy, was the problem you would never consent to try to solve.

DOROTHY. She never could have liked me, Edward.

EDWARD. She thought you a great artist. She had judgment and taste, you know.

DOROTHY. Yes, she thought me an attack of scarlet fever, let us say . . . and that it was a very beautiful scarlet.

EDWARD. Dorothy . . . somehow that hurts.

DOROTHY. I'm sorry.

EDWARD. Some years before she died her nature seemed to take a fresh start, as it were. It shot out in the oddest ways . . . over a home for horses and cooking reforms . . . and a most romantic scheme for sending strayed servant girls to Australia to get married. If there had been any genius in my love for her . . . would she have had to wait till forty-five, and then find only those crabbed, half-futile shoots of inner life begin to show? While her children were amused . . . and I was tolerant! For quite incurably middle-aged she was by then.

DOROTHY. Had she dreaded that?

EDWARD. Not a bit, not even in fun . . . as we made such a fuss of doing.

DOROTHY. Admirable Ethel! Clear-eyed and so firm-footed on this spinning earth. And Life her duty . . . to be punctually and cheerfully done. But over-trained a little, don't you think? . . . just for her happiness' sake.

EDWARD. She didn't count her happiness.

DOROTHY. She should have.

EDWARD. She shouldn't have died when she did.

DOROTHY. The doctors were fools.

EDWARD. Well, it was a while after . . . remembering my love for you . . . I suddenly saw how perhaps, after all, I had wronged her.

DOROTHY. It was just three years after that you asked me to marry you again.

EDWARD. You forgave me. Let's forget it. It was good to feel I was still a bit of a fool.

DOROTHY. Folly for certain it was, then?

EDWARD. And not so old at heart as you thought.

DOROTHY. I like your declarations, Edward. They're different. But never from the beginning have you been like the others.

EDWARD. And I was never jealous of any of the three.

DOROTHY. Four.

EDWARD. Four?

DOROTHY. One that you never knew about. I told you, though, I should never marry . . . and I never have. Perhaps I'm as frightened at the meaning I might find in it . . . as you ought to have been.

EDWARD. They made you just as miserable at times, Dorothy, as if you had married them.

DOROTHY. Poor dears!

EDWARD. And two out of the three were really perfect fools.

DOROTHY. Three out of the four, my friend, were perfect fools . . . helpless fools.

EDWARD. Then which wasn't?

DOROTHY. The one you never guessed about. Don't try to even now. He never really cared for me, you see . . . and I knew he didn't . . . and so I was ashamed to tell you.

EDWARD. Now when was that?

DOROTHY. You're trying to guess.

EDWARD. No, honestly . . .

DOROTHY. Do you remember a time when I was very cross with life and wouldn't act for a whole year . . . in the days when I still could? I went down to Grayshott and started a garden . . . a failure of a garden. And you came down to see me . . . and we talked into the dark. And I said I ought to have married father's scrubby-headed assistant and had ten children . . .

EDWARD. I vaguely remember.

DOROTHY. Well, it wasn't then . . . but shortly after.

EDWARD. You wanted that experience . . .

DOROTHY. No . . . no! How dare you? Am I that sort of a creature . . . collecting sensations? Sometimes, Edward, I find you the biggest fool of the lot . . . a fool at heart, which is worse than a fool at head . . . and wickeder.

EDWARD. I'm sorry!

DOROTHY. Never mind, it's not your fault now if fresh air disagrees with you. And you can't open the window here, for only dust comes in.

EDWARD. Is the room stuffy?

DOROTHY. Yes . . . but so's London . . . and so's life.

EDWARD. I do remember there was a time when I thought you were hardening a little.

DOROTHY. Well, it wasn't from that bruising. No man or woman in this world shall make me hard.

EDWARD. Dorothy, will you marry me?

DOROTHY (*her voice peals out again*). Oh, my dear!

EDWARD. That's what you said to Blackthorpe when he offered you his millions on a bright Sunday morning. Don't say it to me.

DOROTHY. I never called him my Dear. I was much too proper . . . and so is he! But you are the Dear of one corner of my heart . . . it is the same old corner always kept for you. No, no . . . that sort of love doesn't live in it. So for the . . . seventh? . . . let's make it the seventh time . . . oh, yes, I wear them on my memory's breast like medals . . . no, I won't.

EDWARD. Very well. If you don't want to raise five thousand pounds you'd better close the theatre after this next play's produced.

DOROTHY. Heavens above! . . . that's what we started to discuss. What have we been talking of since?

EDWARD. Dear Dorothy . . . I never do know what we talk of. I only know that by the time I've got it round to business it's time for you to go.

DOROTHY. Yes, I said I'd be back at the theatre by half-past twelve.

EDWARD. It's long after.

DOROTHY. I'm so glad. They'll finish the act without me, and lunch. I never want food. Isn't it odd?

EDWARD. Do you decide to close the theatre after this next play?

DOROTHY. I decide not to ask man, woman, or devil for another penny.

EDWARD. Then you close.

DOROTHY. But if it's a success?

EDWARD. Then when it's finished you may have a few pounds more than four hundred a year.

DOROTHY. I don't want 'em.

EDWARD. But you'll close?

DOROTHY. I will. This time I really will, and never, never open again. I want my Abbey. I want to sit in the sun and spoil my complexion and acquire virtue. Do you know, I can have fourteen volumes at a time from the London Library?

EDWARD. Yes . . . don't spoil your complexion.

DOROTHY. Well . . . when it is really m y complexion, and no longer the dear Public's, I may get to like it better. To acquire knowledge for its own sake! Do you never have that hunger on you? To sit and read long books about Byzantium. Not frothy, foolish blank-verse plays . . . but nice, thick, meaty books. To wonder where the Goths went when they vanished out of Italy. Knowledge and Beauty! It's only when you love them for their own sake that they yield their full virtue to you. And you can't deceive them . . . they always know.

EDWARD. I'm told that the secret of money-making's something like that.

DOROTHY. Oh, a deadlier one. Money's alive and strong. And when money loves y o u . . . look out.

EDWARD. It has never wooed me with real passion. Six-and-eightpences add up slowly.

Dorothy throws herself back in her chair and her eyes up to the ceiling.

DOROTHY. You've never seen me asking for money and boasting about my art, have you?

EDWARD. That has been spared me.

DOROTHY. I'm sorry you've missed it for ever. It is just as if the millionaire and I . . .

EDWARD. Though they weren't always millionaires.

DOROTHY. They were at heart. I always felt we were striking some weird bargain. For all I'd see at his desk was a rather apologetic little man . . . though the Giant Money was outlined round him like an aura. And he'd seem to be begging me as humbly as he dared to help save his little soul . . . though all the while the Giant that enveloped him was business-like and jovial and stern. I shouldn't like to be only the marrow of a shadowy giant, Edward . . . with no heart's blood in me at all.

EDWARD. That's why our modern offices are built so high, perhaps.

DOROTHY. Yes, he reaches to the ceiling.

EDWARD. And are very airless, as you say.

DOROTHY. Ah! . . . it's he that breathes up all the air. You have made rather an arid world of it, haven't you, Edward . . . you and Henry and John and Samuel and William and Thomas?

EDWARD. Will Mary Jane do much better?

DOROTHY. Not when you've made a bloodless woman of her. And you used to bite your pipe and talk nonsense to me about acting . . . about its necessarily debilitating effect, my dear Dorothy, upon the moral character. Edward, would I cast for a king or a judge or a duchess actors that couldn't believe more in reigning or judging or duchessing than you wretched amateurs do?

EDWARD. We "put it over," as you vulgar professionals say.

DOROTHY. Do you think so? Because the public can't tell the difference, as the voice of my business manager drones. I've fancied sometimes that actors, playing parts . . . but with real faith in the unreal . . . yet live those lives of yours more truly. Why . . . swiftly and keenly I've lived a hundred lives.

EDWARD. No . . . the trouble with my patients . . .

DOROTHY. Of course they are! That's why I've to be brought here by force. I never feel ill.

EDWARD. Never a pain in the pocket!

DOROTHY. I never f e e l it.

EDWARD. The trouble when most people do is that it's all they can feel or believe in. And I have to patch them up.

DOROTHY. Put a patch on the pocket . . . tonic the poor reputation.

EDWARD. But, after all, what can I say to them? If they found out that the world as they've made it doesn't exist . . . or perhaps the next world as they've invented it either.

DOROTHY. Oh, I think that exists . . . just about as much. And that you'll all be there . . . bustling among the clouds . . . making the best of things . . . beating your harps into coin . . . bargaining for eternity . . . and saying that, of course, what you really go on in hope of is another and a better world.

EDWARD. Shall we meet?

DOROTHY. I think not. I flung my soul over the footlights before ever I was sure that I had one . . . well, I was never uncomfortably sure. As you warned me I should . . . biting your pipe. No, thanks, I don't want another. I have been given happier dreams. Do you remember that letter of your father's that I would read?

EDWARD. No . . .

DOROTHY. Oh, yes! "Think twice, my dear boy, think twice before you throw yourself away on this woman."

EDWARD. Old innocent! You were the cautious one.

DOROTHY. But you never knew, Edward, how tempted I was.

EDWARD. Dorothy, don't! The years haven't taught me to take that calmly.

DOROTHY. Every woman is what I was, more or less . . .

EDWARD. Less.

DOROTHY. So they seem. And you won't pay the price of more.

EDWARD. What was it? I was ready . . . and ready to pay.

DOROTHY. The price to you of my freedom when you love me! Why . . . dear Edward . . . your jaw sets even now. And so . . . for your happiness . . . that your mind may be easy as you bustle through the world's work . . . so we must seem to choose the cat-like comfort of the fireside, the shelter of your cheque-book and our well-mannered world. And perhaps I should have chosen that if I could have had my choice.

EDWARD. Dorothy!

DOROTHY. Had not some ruthless windy power from beyond me . . . blown me free.

EDWARD. Dorothy, I've loved you . . . and I do . . . with a love I've never understood. But sometimes I've been glad you didn't marry me . . . prouder of you as you were. Because my love would seem a very little thing.

DOROTHY. It is.

EDWARD. I never boasted . . . never of that.

DOROTHY. But the more precious . . . a jewel. And if we're to choose and possess things . . . nothing finer. My dear . . . what woman wouldn't love you? You've not been flattered enough. Never mind . . . you lost no dignity on your knees. I had no choice, though, but to be possessed . . . of seven angels. Oh, my dear friend . . . could you ever have cast them out?

EDWARD. I've watched them wear you through . . . the seven angels of your Art that kept you from me.

DOROTHY. Yes . . . I'm a weary woman.

For a moment there is silence.

EDWARD. But sometimes I've wondered . . . what we two together might have done. Dorothy, why didn't you try?

DOROTHY. Not with these silly, self-conscious selves. Poor prisoners . . . born to an evil time. But visions do come . . . of better things than we are . . . of a theatre not tinselled . . . and an office not dusty with law . . . all rustling with quarrelsome papers. How wrong to tie up good lively quarrels with your inky tape! Oh, shut your eyes . . . it's easier to see then. Are they shut?

EDWARD. Close. And the grip of your hand is wonderful for the eyesight.

DOROTHY. Aren't you an artist, too, Edward . . . our fault if we forget it? For Law is a living thing. It must be, mustn't it?

EDWARD. Yes . . . I had forgotten.

DOROTHY. My dreams and the stories of them are worthless unless I've a living world to dream of? What are your words and rules and names? Armour with nothing inside it. So our dreams are empty, too.

EDWARD. Dorothy, my dear, it may sound as silly as ever when I say it . . . but why, why didn't you marry me?

DOROTHY. Yes . . . I should have made a difference to this habitation, shouldn't I?

EDWARD. Would you have cared to come here, then?

DOROTHY. Always . . . the spirit of me. And I do think you were a much better match than the looking-glass.

EDWARD. I promise you should always have found yourself beautiful . . . in my eyes.

DOROTHY. But I'm widowed of my looking-glasses, Edward. Have you noticed that for fifteen years there's not been one in my house . . . except three folding ones in the bathrooms?

EDWARD. I remember my wife remarking it.

DOROTHY. Some women did . . . and some men were puzzled without knowing why.

EDWARD. She wondered how you studied your parts.

DOROTHY. I could have told her how I learnt not to . . . and it's rather interesting.

EDWARD. Tell me.

DOROTHY. This is perhaps the little bit of Truth I've found . . . my little scrap of gold. From its brightness shines back all the vision I have; and I add it proudly to the world's heap. Though it sounds the silliest thing . . . as silly as your loving me at fifty-seven more babyishly than you did at seventeen.

EDWARD. Please heaven, my clerks don't see me till . . . .

DOROTHY. Till you're quite self-conscious again. Well, before the child in me died . . . such an actress you all thought as never was . . .

EDWARD. "O breath of Spring! Our wintry doubts have fled."

DOROTHY. But, remember, all children could be like that.

EDWARD. I deny it.

DOROTHY. And that's why they're not. Well, growing older, as we say . . . and self-conscious, Edward . . . I found that the number of my looking-glasses grew. Till one day I counted them . . . and big and small there were forty-nine. That day I'd bought the forty-ninth . . . an old Venetian mirror . . . so popular I was in those days and felt so rich. Yes . . . then I used to work out my parts in front of each mirror in turn. One would make me prettier and one more dignified. One could give me pathos and one gave me power. Now there was a woman used to

come and sew for me. You know! I charitably gave her jobs . . . took an interest in her "case" . . . encouraged her to talk her troubles out for comfort's sake. I wasn't interested . . . I didn't care one bit . . . it didn't comfort her. She talked to me because she thought I liked it . . . because she thought I thought she liked it. But, oddly . . . it was just sewing she liked, and she sewed well, and sewing did her good . . . sewing for me. You remember my Lily Prince in The Backwater?

EDWARD. Yes.

DOROTHY. My first real failure.

EDWARD. I liked it.

DOROTHY. My first dead failure . . . dear Public. Do you know why? I hadn't found her in the mirrors; I'd found her in that woman as she sewed.

EDWARD. I didn't think it a failure.

DOROTHY. Well . . . the dear Public wouldn't pay to see it . . . and we've found no other word. But I knew . . . if that was failure . . . now I meant to fail. And I never looked into a mirror again. Except, of course, to do my hair and paint my poor face and comically comfort myself sometimes . . . to say . . . "Dorothy, as mugs go, it's not such an ugly mug." I took the looking-glasses down . . . I turned their faces to the wall. For I had won free from that shadowed emptiness of self. But nobody understood. Do you?

EDWARD. If I can't . . . I'll never say that I love you again.

DOROTHY. Did you ask for an art from me that would win you free too? No; you thought it failure, and bent to kiss my hand that I might not tell. What can we understand when we're all so prisoned in mirrors that whatever we see it's but ourselves . . . ourselves as heroes or slaves . . . suffering, triumphant . . . always ourselves. Truth lives where only other people are? That's the secret. Turn the mirror to the wall and there is no you . . . but the world of other people is a wonderful world.

EDWARD. We've called them your failures . . . did we . . . when we wouldn't follow you there?

DOROTHY. And I that have . . . proudly . . . never bargained was so tempted to bargain for success . . . by giving you what your appetites wanted . . . that mirrored

mannequin slightly oversize that bolsters up your self-conceit.

EDWARD. But you had once meant our youth to us, Dorothy . . .

DOROTHY. I'd given you that . . . the flower of me . . . had I grudged it?

EDWARD. I think we're frightened of that other world.

DOROTHY. Well you may be!

EDWARD. If we couldn't find ourselves there with our virtues and our vanity . . . the best and the worst of what we know.

DOROTHY. So you all failed me, you see . . . for I'd given you all my life, and what other had I? And so I failed . . . died . . . not to be born again. Oh, my poor Theatre! Keep it for a while, then, to patronise and play with. But one day it shall break you all in pieces. And now my last courtsey's made . . .

The paper-knife she has been playing with snaps.

EDWARD. Dorothy . . . what an omen! Not your last visit here, too?

DOROTHY. A fine omen. I do not surrender my sword! I shouldn't march off quite so proudly, Edward, if it weren't for a new voice from that somewhere in me where things are born saying. . . . Shall I tell you what it says?

EDWARD. Please.

DOROTHY. The scene is laid in Dorothy's soul. Characters . . . a Voice: Dorothy. Dorothy discovered as the curtain rises in temper and tears. The Voice: "Thirty-five years finding out your mistake! But that's a very short time." Dorothy: "Boohoo! . . . but now I'm going to die." The Voice: "Who told you so?" Dorothy: "Oh . . . aren't I? . . . or rather, am I not?" The Voice: "Dorothy, my dear . . . what led you that November day to your ruined Abbey. . . . What voice was it called to you so loud to make it yours? Yours! What are you beside the wisdom of its years? You must go sit, Dorothy . . . sit very patiently in the sunshine under the old wall . . . where marigolds grow . . . and there's one foxglove . . . (hsh! I planted it!). Did it trouble those builders . . . who built it not for themselves . . . nor for you, but to the glory of God they built it . . . did it trouble them that they were going to die?" Dorothy: "If they'd known

that the likes of me would one day buy it with good hard cash they'd have had heart failure on the spot. Besides, they did die, and their blessed Abbey's a ruin. Two thousand five hundred pounds it cost me to do it up."

EDWARD. Well?

DOROTHY. Well . . . if I say anything like that, of course the voice is silent. But if I sit there after sunset, when the world's all still . . . I often sit to watch the swallows, and if you keep quiet they'll swoop quite close . . . then I can hear the voice say: "They built the best they could . . . they built their hearts into the walls . . . they mixed the mortar with their own heart's blood. They spoke the truth that was in them, and then they were glad to die." "But was it true?" I ask. "And see how the wall is crumbling." And then the voice says: "What is Truth but the best that we can build? . . . and out of its crumbling other Truth is built. Are you tired, Dorothy?" I answer, Yes, that I am very tired. I sit there till the stars shine and there are friendly spirits around me. Not the dead . . . never . . . but the unborn . . . waiting their heritage . . . my gift to them . . . mine, too. That's the true length of life . . . the finished picture of his being that the artist signs and sells . . . gives . . . loses! It was his very soul, and it is gone. But then he is glad to go . . . to be dust again . . . nothingness . . . air . . . for now he knows most truly . . .

EDWARD. What?

DOROTHY. Why, I told you. That he was always nothingness called by some great name . . . that the world of other people is the only world there is. Edward . . . what's the time?

EDWARD. Past one.

DOROTHY. Well, I'm hungry. Take me out and give me lunch.

EDWARD. Bless you . . . I will.

With three fine gestures she puts on her hat again. Time was when one would sit through forty minutes of a dull play just to see Dorothy take off her hat and put it on again. Much less expressively he finds his, and they go out together. The clerks all stare ecstatically as she passes.

The Novel under Commerce

By J. D. Symon

The sweet persuasiveness of the novel is a quality that grows rarer in these days. Rarer, too, is its gift of abiding friendships. With the increasing demand for brevity in every written word, the novel tends to become a glorified short story. It may find its mark for the moment and sail into the proud position of the "best seller"; but the publishing season wanes, and by the time the next flood of vain imaginings is ready to pour its treasures upon the bookseller's shelves, the novels of yesterday are with the snows of yesteryear. The most sparkling, a meagre few, may be remembered dimly for the brief pleasure or welcome distraction they brought to a jaded world, but there it ends. They brought us at the best only passing acquaintances; lifelong friends of fiction are sadly to seek in the newer volumes.

And the reason? Is it lack of talent? Surely, no. There is talent enough and to spare. English novel-writing, as far as mere technique goes, has never been better, despite the prevalence of the merely negligible. The best hands are very cunning; they have learned a great deal from the French method; they know how to avoid the superfluous. They are sensitive to style; they have mastered the rules of construction. They are careful of cumulative effect; a few touch the skirts of fine art. But the result for the most part is that of the rocket, an impetuous upward rush of increasing brilliancy, a sharp concussion, a shower of stars, and then—darkness.

With so much accomplishment abroad it is lamentable that the results should be doomed in so many cases to speedy oblivion. The life of the average novel in England is at the most three months. The exceptions are so rare as to tempt the publisher into extraordinary advertisement

of chance longevity. If a book has not "moved" in the first four weeks after publication, it is not likely to move at all. There have been, however, noteworthy late starts. George Douglas Brown's *House with the Green Shutters* hung fire for quite a month, when, by a lucky chance, Mr. Andrew Lang took it up in the belief that he had found another of those recreative "shockers" which used to charm his leisure as much as vapid love-stories, with a perpetually fainting heroine, used to divert Macaulay. Mr. Lang began to read, negligently; he read on, not negligently, through the small hours. In a column and a half of the *Times* he made the fortune of the book and a new novelist's reputation. But that was a good many years ago. One does not hear of such eleventh-hour rescues nowadays. Even the efficacy of reviews has become an exceedingly doubtful quantity. With the maddening increase of competition it may be that the novel will not live (that is, "sell") for even a quarter of the year. More and more the life of the story tends to be expressed in the terms of commerce; more and more it ceases to have any life capable of expression in higher terms; it has become a pawn in the game of trade. It is an "article" in the same sense as sweets or grocery, a thing quickly produced for quick consumption—excellent, perhaps, but in its very nature perishable.

It is to this rapid production and to the consequent need for compression that we can trace the purely evanescent character of even praiseworthy modern novels. The influence of the snippet and the tabloid is everywhere paramount; brevity is the cry, and the resultant brevity has become very often a thing too shrunken to contain any longer the soul of wit. For a certain magnitude is necessary to the unfolding of the story that shall make a lasting impression. "Give us 'body,'" the merchants cry. In the editorial slang of the cheaper magazines, this wonderful "body" means something with which we are not here concerned. In this sense "body" is very often synonymous with "blood," and at that let us leave it. In its higher sense, however, "body" is essential. It is a variable quantity, independent of rule, and differentiated by the nature of individual themes. It defies any calculus. Every separate story has its own predestined limits, which

will declare themselves only to the conscientious artist when he finds that he has written the last word.

It has been discovered by those who have the best right to judge that a very convenient length for the novel is 75,000 words. This limit is favourable to schemes of economy in printing and in paper. It is just long enough to make the public feel that it has at least got value for money. On this point the limit is practically a minimum. To such a prescription the author has learned to agree, and too often his nature, like the dyer's hand, is subdued to what it works in. His theme may be capable of perfect treatment within smaller compass; it may demand a greater range. The author cannot tell until the work reaches its natural and sufficient end. If he is bound to a contract he is handicapped, perhaps unconsciously, from the very outset. Before he is aware, his work will have broken the bounds of proportion. The demands of some tyrant character for fuller development may have consumed precious pages at an incredible rate, and the "middle" (by the 1,000 words' computation) may be reached before the book has found its Aristotelian "beginning." The result is chaos. For the rest of the way the unhappy man tries in vain to strike a balance. He loses his sureness of touch. He loses the detachment necessary to his task, that utter absorption, that splendid contempt for the moment of things mundane, that pure identification of himself with the creatures of his brain, which has been described with such perfection and poignancy by Miss May Sinclair in *The Creators*. The author who is working, more or less, to a limited space yields himself as a hostage to an external—we should rather say an extraneous—and a hostile world that imposes upon him obligations from which he should be entirely free. While we admit that some latitude is allowed by the other party to the contract, this does not save the situation. The mere thought of the fixed limit imposes its tyranny where the act of creation alone should be tyrannous; for the novel, rightly conceived, is a thing of independent life. It is immanent in the soul of the creator, and must evolve by its own natural law and no other. It cannot evolve of the writer's determined effort. It must fulfil itself in its own space and in its own time. Once

let the writer accept the conditions of a third party, and straightway all the inevitableness of an artistic creation becomes for him a dead letter. In a word, he has forfeited the title of creator; he has become a manufacturer.

And, conversely, his theme may be one that will evolve naturally within very small compass. Even the short story can have "body" enough if the method be adequate to the inspiration. *The Tale of Chloe*, for all its brevity, possesses all, or nearly all, the roundness of the perfect novel. The little theme, calling for infinite delicacy, for the tender art of the miniaturist, becomes, when forced beyond its natural limits, a spectacle to draw the tears of angels.

Hence the infinite difficulty of the short story, in its perfection a most beautiful and convincing thing. Its characters may even take their place among the intimate friends of fiction, but this is somewhat rare. It happens only where the art is consummate, as in *Wandering Willie's Tale*, *The Brushwood Boy*, or in *Boule de Suif*. For the most part, the characters of the short story remain acquaintances and nothing more. Here one seems to detect a psychological law which, in fiction as in life, prescribes a certain length of association before friendship is possible. "A thing is known by the sum of its predicates." Only the highest mastery of the short story can predicate, and that chiefly by suggestion rather than by statement, the whole of a character within the limits of the *conte*. In some instances where this seems to have happened the permanent effect has really been attained by the continuance of certain characters through a considerable series. This is a vital point. It supports the view that some length of association, during the mere process reading, is required for the true life of a fictitious character in the reader's mind, and thence in the popular imagination. The great English novelists have all been voluminous. One, not quite great, Thomas Love Peacock, did wonders in little, but he stands alone, and his following, though an increasing number, is still for the most part "literary." Jane Austen stands midway. For their period her books are short, but they succeed because the writer let them evolve to their natural close. The very secrecy to which Miss Austen was driven by the prejudice of her

times against "writing women" was all in her favour. It drove her in upon herself to that wonderful mental world in which she reflected and sublimated the types she saw around her.

The question of confessedly great French novels in small compass does not apply here, for the genius of the French language, like the nation itself, is economical. Hence its supremacy in the *conte*. But the greatest masters of the French novel have never hesitated to multiply pages as the theme might demand. Balzac, Dumas, Hugo, and, at their just interval, Stendhal, Gauthier, Zola, have taken liberal use of the category of space. In point of physical bulk alone the works of our own greatest are monumental. But, it may be asked, what of Stevenson? Precisely. Stevenson, with all his accomplishment, must remain in the second place. His zeal for exquisite brevity of expression robbed him of power. Had he only trusted himself more, he would have soared where now he creeps softly. The less studied and more spontaneous passages of his letters prove that he need not have agonised so bitterly in order to achieve style. But here we are concerned with the Titans. They let introspection rest while the swelling act of their imperial theme moved from its happy prologue to rounded completion. They knew no master but their inspiration and its needs, and the result was character, of three dimensions, alive and permanently fixed in the general mind; better still, fixed very often in the general heart of men.

Space, then, in the printer's sense, and time, as far as the reader is concerned, are necessary to the highest and most permanent effect of fiction. It may be that the Titans went too far, their exuberance might have borne pruning. That is a nice speculation, and perhaps a little unprofitable. But try, if you will, a "popular condensation"—a thing not unknown in these headlong times—of a Dickens, or a Scott, or a Thackeray, and see whether your Weller or your Dinmont or your Colonel Newcome survive. They will scarcely even begin to live, and the reader turns away with a mouthful of ashes, the inevitable reward of those who nibble such little apples of Sodom. For young people these brevities are especially disappointing. To our certain knowledge they will not go from the summary to

the masterpiece itself. They vote it "dull." Oh, the pity of it! No, you must leave the Titans their wide field.

As for the lesser gods, not to mention the little fishes, they would be happier if they could afford to ignore the prescribed limit, even where the publisher, of the other part, allows generous latitude. So the result be good, he will always do this, for he is a humane, an intelligent, and a reasonable being. It is not with him personally that we quarrel; he is a man of business, and business postulates definition. System he must have if business is to be done. It is for a definite *quo* that he gives his *quid*. Our quarrel is rather with the transcendental result of the bargain, the elusive yet certain law that the writer who sets out to evolve a novel that must end with, or extend to, a definite number of words is laying himself under a desperate handicap. However generously the limit may be interpreted, the mere thought of it, sub-conscious, perhaps, in the writer's mind, is blighting. Equally perilous is the other limit—that of delivery to a certain day. Thackeray, the inveterate procrastinator, felt the bitterness of this, though he blamed only himself, and often did great work when the printer's boy was whistling in the hall. Thackeray had always an uncomfortable feeling that he might have done better. Here, to be sure, his dilatoriness may have been somewhat to blame, but such off-putting must not be laid to the door of ordinary laziness. The Muse will not be hurried. Dr. Johnson, it is true, said that any man could write when he chose to set himself down to it, but that scarcely applies to the novel, and this is not denied even by those who find the most perfectly constructed sentence in the English language at the opening of *Rasselas*, the novel Johnson wrote, under pressure, to pay the expenses of his mother's funeral.

No, the Muse will not be hurried, nor will she be tethered. The grand exceptional case, Sheridan—shut up by Garrick to finish the *School for Scandal* while the first act was already playing—cannot disprove the rule. In this most crucial practice of the art of fiction only perfect freedom will produce permanent results. Only the conception that is wrought out as the essential nature of the theme may prompt, to its predestined end, be that reached sooner or later, can hope to carry conviction. And the

balance of power inclines to what is wrought in detail. The strong conception, untrammelled, will find its own limits. Every theme is a separate spiritual entity, to which a certain body of expression is necessary and adequate. In the hands of genius left free it will find that expression, its eternally sufficient vehicle. But tie those hands, menace the creative mind with even the hint of external and mechanical limits which may be ludicrously unsuitable to the thing as yet unrealised, and a subtle paralysis supervenes. How must Apollo laugh at the silly Muses, who engage to expand or to curtail songs as yet unsung! Many a dainty creature of the brain. many a sturdy giant, *in posse*, is in these dull days stretched or lopped to fit Procrustes's bed, and the irony of it is that the bondsman creator may possibly be unaware of the violence he has wrought, and wonders why his work perishes so soon. Hence it is that little masterpieces go wandering in limbo; they pass from door to door unwelcomed, only because they are of a length that falls short of the shortest conventional novel standard and exceeds that permitted to the short story of commerce. The writers, some of them by no means inexperienced in the business requirements of the craft, have made the heroic experiment, and have chosen in some moment of midsummer madness to work to theme and not to space. Again and again we have been asked by authors whether there is any haven for such anomalies. It is still an undiscovered country to whose bourne no traveller attains. We do not say that the work is in itself unappreciated, but it is of what is known as an "impossible length." Here we touch on very delicate ground. Publishers are necessarily practical men. They have found that stories of anomalous length are unsuitable for the market, and it is therefore with reason, from one point of view, that such works should find no sponsor. The error would seem to be that the standard is artificial. A fatal practice has produced, it may be, a distaste for, or a fear of, works of fiction not written to a certain standard size. It is a limitation that should never have been imposed.

There was a time when the author who had not quite said his say at the bottom of the page was graciously permitted to turn over and so to continue until he had finished;

but now contributions must be fitted to square and rule. Each must occupy just so many pages, and must end neatly at the foot of the last; and even with the short story the cry of the "popular magazine" editor is, "Cut it down, cut it down!" Anything like a quiet introduction is ruthlessly excised. The jigging action must begin at once. The result is the crippling of much potential talent and the growth of mechanical, styleless, soulless, formless masqueraders under the guise of fiction. These, possessing no elemental vitality in themselves, strive to stir the public interest by their masks, their cloaks, their evening clothes, their dark lanterns, their too-ready revolvers, their superfluity of naughtiness, and their extreme willingness at any moment to shed blood. What has been called in America "quick-firing fiction" is pumping lead into the English short story. Even the finer practitioners lose courage, and so an Art languishes. As regards the novel, there may be greater hope. One of our most eminent and artistic publishers has told us that the public would welcome books of greater length. The reason he gave was that the reader desires for his money a book that will afford him several evenings' entertainment. Here there is much truth, but there is also a deeper reason underlying this kindlier feeling towards the lengthy story. In the longer and more leisurely novel—so it be a work of art—the reader becomes, as Dekker would say, "most inwardly acquainted" with the characters. At length they cease to be creatures of the printed page; they take on body, life, and movement; they make the appeal of friends, and the novel becomes a possession for ever. It is a remarkable proof of this staying and arresting power of the longer novel that the few works of fiction which have in recent years given promise of anything like permanence may be described as long books. We hold no brief for verbosity, and there are occasions when the too exuberant author has with advantage to himself and his work permitted his publisher to prune the original manuscript. But this is only applicable to cases where the author had more than fulfilled the requirements of his theme. Such instances, of course, are rare; yet the thing has happened. We do not say it never can happen again.

We have admitted the high level of accomplishment in

much English fiction of the present day, and it may be asked: Why all this pother? Simply because the accomplishment, although high, does not make sufficiently for permanence considering the sound material, the capable and even artistic handling, of so many recent novels. This ephemeral quality is possibly due to the commercially imposed limits of space. There is some hope to be drawn from the evidence, however slight, of a feeling that novels of a greater length will once more be tolerated, and even favoured. Then the sweet persuasiveness of the English novel may return, and the vast yearly output may show a greater number of works that will not pass into immediate oblivion. Who that has conscientiously done the work of a reviewer or of a publisher's reader has not stood aghast before the terrible procession of the year's novels? This, however, is a minor matter. More important and more regrettable is the amount of really admirable and worthy work that seems utterly to miss fire. In every department of literature, and especially in the novel, a guard must be set against everything that tends to curb spontaneity. The imposition of the commercial limit is no new thing. We can trace it even from the time of Pindar, who harks back to a better age than his own:

> Ah, then, no hireling Muse
> Was honey-voiced Terpsichore, to sell
> Her tender songs with silvered face.
> But now she will not aught refuse
> Of heed to him of Argive race
> Who cried—And scarce from truth his utterance stray'd,
> By money, money—man is made.

Pindar himself did not altogether escape his own reproach. He sold his own songs, which in itself is no great crime, or if it be a crime he condoned it by conscientious artistry. He allowed no one to impose restrictions upon his poetic impulse. Can we imagine, for example, the Fourth Pythian Ode written with the fear of a prescribed length before the poet's eyes? It is true Pindar gives some hint of limitation which he turns adroitly to the uses of self-advertisement:

> "The path were long to show.
> My time is out,
> And others wait my skill."

But the poet in him always conquered. His time may have been out, but he went his own way until his ode was rounded to its close. It is thus that he became the most torrential of poets:

> "Monte decurrens velut amnis imbres
> Quem super notas aluere ripas,
> Fervet immensusque ruit profundo
> Pindarus ore."

It is this fervour, this impetuosity of the mountain torrent that we miss from the writing of the present day. The older masters knew how to let themselves go, and they knew that they had ample scope. It is only when a writer has let himself go that he is building for eternity. If the commercial limit straiten its bonds still firmer upon the modern writer, then indeed his case is hopeless. He has already suffered enough; he will scarcely support any tightening of the screw. But his is not a case for pity, since the remedy lies in his own hands. Let him determine to approach the market-place only when he can offer there the fruits of solitude and meditation. This may seem a counsel of perfection, but it is not impossible. Then, and not till then, we may with confidence expect that the finer craftsmanship, the more delicate artistry of to-day, will not, season by season, be flung aside and forgotten. The English novel in its newer phase has not fully realised itself for the reasons we have ventured to suggest; but it is a thing very worthy of realisation, for it shows in its best form that it might become something far more spiritual than the great novels of an older time. Freed from the mechanical rules of the market, it would find its account. And thereby the mere manufacturer will disappear, leaving the field clear for the artist.

Since the greater part of this paper was written we have seen a modification of the novel, and one that was altogether unexpected and impossible to forecast. It might have been supposed that war would close the door on fiction, and in a community of ideal literary perception that might conceivably have been the case. The French have gone further than ourselves in this matter, and have in great measure suspended the work of the writer, particularly in the domain of newspapers. Other and more pressing busi-

ness is to hand. The fiction of battle cannot possibly be contemporaneous if it is to achieve the right atmosphere. Some attempts at battle stories made by one of the most eminent of pens during the South African War failed of the right effect; nor have we yet seen, as far as I am aware, any really great fiction of that campaign. A considerable time elapsed between the close of the Franco-Prussian War of 1870 and the production of such poems of the campaign as *Boule de Suif*, *L'Attaque du Moulin*, and one or two other masterpieces of *Les Soirées de Médan*. But in thus indicating the counsel of perfection for the fiction of war we forget that we are here dealing with the novel of commerce, which, unabashed by the gravity of the present crisis, may be said to have come up smiling. It is whispered in well-informed circles that novels which were half-written at the beginning of August, 1914, had their conclusions rudely twisted about so as to include men in khaki and Belgian refugees, and one can point to at least one volume in which the author, drawing lavishly upon the newspapers, and sowing with the sack and not with the hand, had contrived to include in his story every salient incident from Mons to the date of publication. This recalls the wonderful readiness displayed by certain writers of serial fiction during the South African War. Their stories, which were intended for the eye and heart of guileless youth, obeyed one imperative editorial law. As the interest of the combat shifted, now here, now there, the hero had always by hook or by crook to be, like Uriah, in the hottest of the battle. But one week the Paladin found himself shut up in Ladysmith, whereas next week's instalment must see him taking an active part in the relief of Kimberley. But ingenuity, after a bad night, found a simple solution. Why should the hero not ascend to make observations from a captive balloon, which should break away from its moorings, whereupon favouring breezes would waft him kindly to the Diamond City? The thing was done, and brought innocent delight to thousands of schoolboys. In this department, at any rate, the coming of aircraft has removed all such difficulties, but the full possibilities of the novel of the air, adumbrated by Mr. Wells, Mr. Kipling, and certain writers dear to the schoolboy world but unknown to criticism, have hardly dawned upon the imagination. One

day the present struggle must certainly produce its titanic novel as it may even produce its epic, but for a long time to come everything that is done in this kind must belong to the fiction of manufacture rather than of inspiration.

It cannot, however, be denied that this relatively minor fiction has its uses, and these perfectly legitimate. War at first produced a mental restlessness, exactly parallel to that described by Oliver Wendell Holmes in *Bread and the Newspaper*. Macaulay found the flimsiest fiction a sedative, and even those of us who are, as we fondly believe, best disposed towards intellectual things, have found it a relief to get off our usual high horse and to take the thrills of the minor war stories as they come, asking no questions. More fortunate, however, are those who have been able to return to the older masterpieces for their relief from the instant telegram, and this return to the great fountains of inspiration may be an earnest of that more general return to the "really excellent" which some, greatly daring in their faith, have already ventured to foretell as the great and important effect which war will exert on literature. They look, they say, for a general spiritual purification. These desirable results must, however, be awaited in patience. Their day is obviously not yet, and much that is evanescent and inconsiderable in so-called war fiction must be written and forgotten before the day of the masterpiece shall dawn. Evidently there is a market, to put it on its lowest terms, for the contemporary war-novel, but not all publishers are prepared to exploit this market, whether because they are doubtful of it or for some higher motive doth not appear. But the saying of one gracious person among them deserves to be put on record. "I have," he confessed at a public dinner, "contracts for twenty novels, and if any author told me he was going to write about the war, I would do my best to climb out of the contract." Without being able to estimate precisely the effort and agility necessary to that feat of gymnastics, one may at least be sure that it would not be undertaken without substantial reasons, based upon a shrewd observation of the public temper. If the publisher speaks the general mind of his colleagues, it is easy to surmise that the manufactured novel of war is perhaps even more ephemeral than its butterfly covers inevitably suggest.

Caramel Trench

By J. Footman

Caramel Trench had been hurriedly scratched out by the Germans four days ago. Then our big guns had shelled it solidly and deliberately for a day and a night, at the end of which there was pandemonium for fifteen minutes, and then our men came and took it, and went on and took the next trench a hundred yards beyond; so that now Caramel Trench was our reserve line. The men, tired out by work all night up in the front, lay about like large bundles of dirty rags on the uneven bottom of the trench in the light of the early morning sun. They showed no more signs of life than did the two German corpses lying there with them—who had died there days before when the trench floor had been covered by nine inches of mud. Now the sun had hardened the mud and the bodies were stuck there, waiting to be hacked out with pick and shovel.

Swinton, Lieutenant, was walking down the trench seeing that the few tired sentries were up to the mark. A heavy shell growled towards him and he ducked his head (lack of sleep had told on his nerves). The earth flew up in all directions seventy yards back along the trench, and a fraction of a second afterwards one could hear the vicious crack of the explosion. Swinton looked anxiously; that shell might have knocked somebody out, and the company only numbered half the men it had had when it went into the line. Swinton was now in command. Jones, a new officer who had turned up a week before, was the only officer with him, and there were about fifty men. Swinton went on to the end of the line. Before he had gone fifty yards there was another growl and crack, and as he turned round to come back a third. He noticed that they came at exactly two minutes' intervals.

He was coming back when his orderly met him. "There's four of our chaps up there hit, sir, and Mr. Jones."

"What, killed or wounded?"

"Oh, wounded, sir. He got it pretty bad, though, groanin' dreadful. It was the first one as came over right on the side of the trench."

They were hurrying along back by this time, the orderly talking volubly. In ordinary times he would never have dared, for Swinton's views on discipline were decided. But the last few days had tired the man out, and he regarded his company commander more as a fellow-sufferer than an officer.

"Smithson and Lang be killed, sir, and t'other chap—Gregory. And Merson got it, too, but not as bad as Mr. Jones."

There was a hiss, and both ducked; then a report overhead, and then another about twenty yards to their rear, and two great clouds, one black and one greenish-grey, went rolling away on the breeze. "Damn that shrapnel!" said Swinton.

They arrived. On the back of the trench was a great round hollow where the shell had hit; the explosion had scorched the clay. Lang was lying on the rough fire-step, a large gash in his head. Merson sat by him, hugging his right arm and whimpering. Smithson and Gregory were a loathsome, hopeless mass at the bottom of the trench. Rations and equipment lay about, sprinkled with fresh clay. Swinton stepped gingerly over the *débris* to where Jones lay. The stretcher-bearer had just finished tying him up.

"How are you feeling?" He tried to smile at him.

"Oh, Lord, give me some water." Jones's face was greenish. Swinton snatched at a bottle lying near and held it up to him.

"Thanks, awfully." The voice was feeble. Swinton, who was kneeling down, reached up the bottle to Merson, and then turned to the man at his feet.

"Oh, the pain, my leg, good God! Is that you, Swinton?"

"Yes, I'm here."

"Thank heaven! You've been an awfully good pal to

me. I'm glad I've had a chap like you. Oh, Lord, the pain!"

"You're all right, old man. You'll be back in England in a week."

"I'm pretty bad, old chap. I shan't live long."

"Don't talk rot! You'll be all right. The stretcher-bearers are coming soon. The doc. will give you some morphia."

"When are the stretcher-bearers coming? Oh, Lord, give me some water! I want some water!" Swinton groped for the bottle again.

"I'll be back in a minute. I'm going to hurry them up."

He went round the corner of the trench with a sense of relief. He saw the stretcher-bearer.

"Why aren't the others here with the stretchers?"

As soon as he said this he remembered the battalion order by which all stretcher-bearers remained at Battalion Headquarters, to be sent for when wanted, with the exception of one per company who remained to tie up wounds as they came. He turned away from the man in the middle of his explanation and called to the telephone orderly.

"Have you rung up for a stretcher?"

"No, sir, not yet."

He cursed the man and sent him back to do it. He turned back to the stretcher-bearer.

"Will Mr. Jones live?"

"I don't think so, sir; the thigh-bone's broken, and he's got it in the chest, too."

"What about Merson?"

"Oh, he's all right, sir. Nice Blighty one."

There was a groan from the dying man round the corner. Swinton looked over towards Headquarters. They were shelling pretty hard now; would those stretcher-bearers wait till it stopped? At last he went round the corner again.

"Is that the stretcher-bearers?"

"No, it's me. But they're coming—on the way now. They won't be long."

"Oh, for God's sake, give me some water!"

Swinton reached for it again.

"Do you feel like a cigarette?"

"No. Oh, Lord, the pain! I couldn't smoke, thanks, old man."

"I say," said Jones, after a pause, "give me your hand."

The other man stretched it out and felt Jones's cold fingers circling round it.

"Oh, God! I say, you've been an awfully good pal to me. You know I've done all I could while I was with you. You know I have, don't you? Say I've done my best."

"You've done damn well!" said Swinton. His blood was boiling.

"Thanks. You don't know what it means to a poor devil like me to hear you say that. Oh, God, my leg! You think I'm a worm, don't you, howling like this? I know I am, I can't bear pain; you can."

"It will be a long time before you are back here again. You've got eight months in England at least."

"Oh, no, I'm going to die. When are those stretcher-bearers coming? Oh, God, my leg! Where's that water?" Swinton gave him some more. He felt a feeble pressure on his hand.

"Where are those stretcher-bearers?" But the voice seemed weaker and more numb.

"I'll be back in a minute." Swinton slipped his hand away and went round the corner.

He could not have borne it any longer. He savagely pulled out a cigarette-case and began to smoke, his eyes staring across through the clouds of smoke towards Battalion Headquarters. The man was not dying like a gentleman! Why the hell couldn't he keep quiet? The phrases "Old chap," "good pal," and "done my best" returned pitilessly to his mind. He had known the man about a week and thought him a bounder, and he had said, "I'm glad I've had a chap like you!" And here he was loathing a man that had liked him, that had fought in the same great battle with him, who was suffering greater pain than he would probably ever be called upon to suffer, and who was going to die in an hour's time. There was a groan from round the corner. Swinton went to the telephone.

"Put me on to Battalion Headquarters." They did so, and gave him the receiver.

"Why haven't you sent those stretcher-bearers up yet?"

An indistinct voice said something about the shelling.

"Never mind the shelling; it may save Jones's life." Swinton would not have thought an hour ago that he was ever likely to tell lies and risk men's lives in order to escape the presence of a dying man.

"Oh," said the indistinct voice, "they've just told me the stretcher-bearers started off about two minutes ago."

Swinton got up and stared across over the wilderness again. Suddenly two men with a stretcher appeared, ran across the road, and vanished again into a trench. In five minutes they arrived.

Swinton went back to Jones.

"They've come at last. You're all right now—old man."

"Thanks, awfully, old chap. What a splendid fellow you've been. Mind my leg."

"All right, sir," said the stretcher-bearer.

They lifted him up tenderly and clumsily.

"Ah, look out what you're doing there! My leg, damn you—oh, damn you!" He was shrieking with all the force left in him, but as he lay on the stretcher he was quiet again.

Swinton pressed his hand; it was icy cold.

"Good-bye and good luck!" he said.

"Good-bye."

They carried the wounded man out of sight—Merson following, bent up double, and hugging his arm.

Swinton's servant came up.

"I've got some tea ready for you, sir, and there's some of Mr. Jones's pork pie for breakfast if you'll have it now."

Swinton was touched by the unfailing care with which he had been waited on by this man ever since he had joined the regiment, eleven months ago. He smiled at him.

"I don't know what I'd do if I hadn't you to mother me."

The man grinned. Swinton had his breakfast, making uneven efforts to read a magazine. Then he remembered the two German corpses, and went to give orders for their burial.

Broken Lights

By Hervey Fisher

For nineteen years John Purkiss had lived on a small farm at the edge of the village named Braxhurst in the New Forest. He was blue-eyed, red-bearded, inclined to silence at home, though loquacious enough at the "Silver Moon." His companions liked him in his cups and distrusted him sober. He was suspected of poaching and of damaging an orchard fence belonging to Farmer Dilton, with whom he had quarrelled over cards.

One night a hayrick owned by Dilton was set alight, and Purkiss was openly accused of the deed. So the village constable questioned the latter, and even commandeered his boots so that he might compare them with faint footprints left apparently by the malefactor. Purkiss was furious, and dared all those round the blazing rick to prove his guilt. Prove it they could not, and next morning on the village highway Dilton offered his hand to Purkiss, but Purkiss spat in his face. Dilton glowered and shook his heavy head like an angry heifer. But he moved away, swallowing the insult in silence.

A week later Purkiss disappeared from his home. He left it on a bright, windy April morning with twenty-five shillings in his pocket and a twisted, varnished hollystick in his hand. Weeks passed, and no news of him came. Search parties scoured the forest, the river and ponds were dragged, descriptions of the missing man were circulated by the police, but all in vain. John Purkiss, leaving a wife and five children, had completely and mysteriously vanished.

Then it was recalled that the missing man had been wont to speak of foreign parts with a zest born of desire. He had often repeated scraps gleaned from newspapers or books about American cities, gold mines, tropical forests. "What has Braxhurst for a man?" he would say. "Abroad there's something to see." He would complain that in the village he was the sport of evil tongues; he had brooded

with bitterness on his unpopularity. He had felt himself a failure. Utterly indolent, he was ambitious only in his dreams. "You'd be a fine man to travel!" his wife would exclaim to him sarcastically. "Why, you can't even look after a couple of cows!" Yet Mrs. Purkiss was stricken when her husband did not return. She tried to believe that he had left Southampton for America to amass a fortune with which he would ultimately enrich his family.

Nellie, her eldest daughter, was slim and strong, with the flush of a wild rose in her cheeks. Her hair was red-gold, and she had masses of it. She could milk the cows, make butter, and help her mother in the house. Well-balanced, she was ambitious enough to look beyond the village and the farmyard. A few weeks before her father's disappearance she had become engaged to a young draper of Lymington named Kitson. They had met at a dance, then at a cricket match on Braxhurst Green. Finally, on most Sunday afternoons Kitson would cycle over to spend a few hours with Nellie. He thought her figure "ladylike," and her beauty flattered his vanity. The slight condescension in his manner towards her he retained to mark the slight superiority in his social position and accomplishments. He had the confidence of the pavement; it did not escape him that Nellie was ill at ease in the Lymington High Street; he could play a waltz on the piano, and was earning thirty-five shillings a week at the finest drapery stores within fifteen miles of Braxhurst.

When Nellie's father disappeared, Kitson was even more shaken than Nellie. The event was to him not a romantic mystery, nor even a tragedy, so much as an ugly impropriety. He was at length soothed by Nellie repeatedly assuring him that her father had probably contrived to get to America, whence he might return in a few years' time with a fortune. "A clever man dad is," she would say, "if he only gets an opening. There's no opening for a man like him in Braxhurst."

Whipple and Pilling, whom Kitson also consulted—for they were his closest friends—were inclined to take Nellie's view. They represented to the young draper that "Old Purkiss was probably an artful card who knew a thing or two," and that no social stigma attached to a daughter whose father had run away to make money.

One Saturday afternoon, towards the end of June, Kitson and Nellie, Whipple and Pilling with their young ladies, Ivy Palmer and Rose Tubbs, formed a party strolling in the Forest. They sang music-hall songs in Queen's Bower, and gave each other riddles; they carved their initials on the venerable trunk of a glorious beech, and Whipple displayed his skill in balancing a cane on the end of his nose. Pilling imitated the cry of a woodpecker so drolly that little Ivy Palmer laughed until the tears came into her eyes. Then they sought the resinous coolness of a fir enclosure and sat down in the fresh green bracken to drink ginger-beer.

It was Whipple who proposed hide-and-seek.

"It's just the place!" he exclaimed. "You can hide anywhere in these firs, and I'll put up my stick in the path for home." He knew that his sweetheart, little Ivy, ran like a fawn, and wished to enjoy the pleasure of catching her. Pilling observed that the game would give the girls a chance of showing their mettle, and after a little discussion Whipple's suggestion was adopted. It was arranged that two should hide and four should seek, and the first two to hide were Nellie and Kitson.

They ran off together through the firs whilst the others counted sixty seconds. The young draper, alarmed by the bramble and stumbling over twisted tree-roots, followed Nellie, who, surer and fleeter, was his guide. She ran, breathless and exultant, until she came upon a large dry ditch, into which she leaped. Then Kitson heard her scream and saw the girl scrambling back, her rosy face dead-white. "Has an adder bitten her?" he thought.

"There's a man down there!" she gasped, coming towards him.

"A man?" questioned the youth, perplexed and frightened, he knew not why.

"A body," she whispered.

Kitson stepped forward, but the girl clutched his arm.

"Don't go!" she cried. "It's too awful!"

He stood for a moment irresolute, then, curiosity overcoming fear, he suggested they should look at the thing together. They went forward, and Kitson, coming to the large ditch, jumped into it.

"To the left," murmured the girl, standing above him.

Kitson turned to see a few paces from him at the bottom

of the ditch the body of a man whose big-booted feet were towards him. One knee was doubled up, upon which lay, emerging from a black mildewed sleeve, the ghastly relic of a hand. Kitson saw the bones and divined the livid shreds of putrescent flesh on which gluttonous flies were fastened in motionless clusters. He looked for a face, and found only a swarm of merciless flies and rapacious beetles seething above a tangled red beard.

"He's as dead as a doornail," he muttered, turning to the girl. He sprang from the ditch and was at her side. She was crying. He shook his spruce grey flannel trousers as if the creeping pollution clung to them. The odour of corruption was in his nostrils. "Let's go and join the others," he said.

But Pilling had descried them through the trees, and was hallooing his discovery to his fellow-searchers.

"We aren't playing," shouted back Kitson to his friend.

A minute later the little party was assembled on the swarded path and informed of the strange discovery.

"I vote we go on with our game," declared Pilling. "It's nothing to stop for."

"Dead men can't bite," added Whipple with a faint cackle, as if a little doubtful of the propriety of his remark.

"Oh, it's made me quite ill," moaned Nellie. "I'm not going into the horrid wood again—no fear!"

"What a shame!" muttered Ivy. "Just as we were going to have some fun. There's always something to spoil things." Pilling suggested they should all go together to view the corpse, but the girls received the proposal with tremulous cries of disfavour.

"Go yourself, Ted, but don't expect me to go with you!" exclaimed Ivy.

"I should want a sovereign to see such a sight," added Rose.

"It's not a sight for ladies," remarked Kitson, with a look of frigid severity at Pilling.

In the end Whipple and Pilling, after receiving curt but sufficient directions from Kitson, disappeared into the firs to see what they could for themselves. But Nellie, meanwhile, had begun to walk homewards up the path. Kitson, as in duty bound, hastened to follow his *fiancée*.

"Ain't you stopping with us, Nell?" called out Rose,

who, with Ivy, was awaiting the return of their two cavaliers from the wood. But Nellie merely turned, very pale, to wave with her hand an adieu. Then she resumed her way.

"She's come over queer," remarked Ivy to Rose.

"And no wonder. I feel funny myself," replied Rose. "They say he was all eaten away," she added in a whisper.

Meanwhile through the deep June stillness of the soundless forest, broken only by the tap, tap of a hidden woodpecker, Nellie and her young draper hastened homewards, the latter perplexed and pained, feeling as if he had struck suddenly the sharp edge of an obscure and cruel scandal. He began to resent the presence of this girl, who seemed tainted by the corruption of the corpse that was driving her home. With the quick instinct of cowardice he divined the link that bound her to the nameless horror in the ditch, and his soul was uneasy.

That evening there was much talk in Braxhurst about the dead man. There was no doubt now of his identity. The rough red beard told its tale. Whipple had fished out from the ditch with his cane a purple-checked handkerchief marked "J. Purkiss," and had hung it in triumph on the branch of an adjacent fir. Two hours later the village constable paid his visit in the company of Mrs. Purkiss. The woman stared mutely at the half-eaten head, to fall into a storm of weeping when she caught sight of the twisted hollystick she knew so well. The constable, having discovered it in a thicket, held it out for her inspection with official self-importance, and was somewhat shocked by her emotion.

But stranger things were to happen. The next morning Farmer Dilton was found by his maidservant hanging from a blackened beam in his cowshed, his red bull-neck strangled by a cord. And a week later the young draper formally surrendered his claims to the hand of Nellie. He was afterwards fond of explaining this step to his friends, who were inclined to appreciate his wisdom.

"How can a fellow be keen on a girl," he would observe, "whose father he finds in a ditch half-eaten by beetles and flies?"

But Nellie a few weeks later left her home, and, coming into Sussex, met a pleasant young carpenter, to whom she was soon married.

WAR AND RECONSTRUCTION

Poverty in Dublin

By Charles Travers, J.P., F.I S.E.

To an Englishman travelling to Dublin by the Royal Mail Steam Packet on a clear summer's morning, the prospect that meets his eye and grows clearer and clearer from the time the boat reaches the Kish Lightship till it enters Kingstown Harbour is so beautiful that it is rarely equalled, and is certainly not surpassed, by any similar vista in the British Isles. The summer's sun is seen glistening on the granite public buildings and stately villas of Kingstown, where they peep out here and there from amongst its groves, causing them to appear like a group of brilliants set in the background of the Dublin mountains. To the south elegant residences are dotted over the sylvan slopes of Dalkey to Killiney Hill, while northwards, along the six miles that lie between the harbour and Dublin city are situated half a dozen ancient villages all linked up by the modern residences of some of Dublin's successful professional, commercial, and official classes. Behind, to the west of these villages—long since merged into the townships of Blackrock and Pembroke—rests well-wooded and well-cultivated farm after farm to where the mountains recede from the granite slopes of Glencullen by lonely Glen Dhu to the delightful valley of Glen-na-Smoil. If the English visitor, after admiring the beauty of these scenes, puts up at one of the many first-class hotels in the city, and is fortunate to number amongst his Dublin friends some who move in the social circle of Dublin and its suburbs, he will return to his English home convinced that the stories of the Irish mud-wall cabin are purely fanciful, and filled with wonder why this Emerald Eldorado received the sobriquet of "the most distressful country." I regret that it will be my duty in this article to disillusion the English visitor, and to show

him that, notwithstanding the lavish treasures bestowed by Nature on the landscape between Killiney and Glen-na-Smoil, the munificence with which Art has adorned these residences, replete with modern comforts, that link Killiney with Dublin, and the rounds of social gaieties which enlivened his visit, there is an appalling contrast to be seen in the Irish capital.

This contrast is to be found in the dingy streets, lanes, and alleys where the working class of Dublin is huddled in overcrowded tenement houses—those dilapidated, ill-appointed structures farmed out in single rooms where health is hourly endangered and impaired, as reflected in an abnormal death-rate; where energy and efficiency are stunted; where hope rarely enters, and which are euphemistically styled the "homes" of the poor. The contrast is deepened by the external view presented by monotonous rows of these buildings, unrelieved by grassy slope or leafy tree except where the toil-worn occupier of a fourth-storey room catches a glimpse of the sward of some fashionable square which he dare not enter, or surveys the distant mountain's summit when he looks out over uninviting acres of patchy roofs. This contrast is intensified when one contemplates the dangerous, degrading, and demoralising social life which these housing conditions are creating; and although this peril is not yet reflected in abnormal vice, it is, with increasing persistency, undermining the social and moral life of outcast labour in Ireland's capital. What are the facts? In this article I propose to present only unvarnished facts, and just deal with the housing conditions as they actually exist. I will not treat of the causes that contributed to the extension of this condition of things. Neither will I deal with what appears to me to be the most effectual measures to adopt in order to solve this horrible housing problem.

The city of Dublin has a population (census, 1911) of 304,802. In the "Report of the Departmental Committee appointed by the Local Government Board for Ireland to inquire into the Housing Conditions of the Working Classes in the City of Dublin," issued early in the year 1914, it was calculated from census and other returns that 63 per cent. of the whole population, or 194,250 persons, belong to the working class. Of these it was computed that about

32,000 were living in more or less decent dwellings provided by the Corporation and by public companies, and that a further 34,000 were living in houses which did not come within the scope of their inquiry, and which were consequently assumed to be reasonably healthy homes. Thus out of the 194,000 persons belonging to the working class in Dublin, about 66,000 are tolerably well provided with housing accommodation. The remaining 128,000 were shown to be living under conditions that can only arouse feelings of horror and dismay. One hundred and twenty-eight thousand human beings! The entire population of Brighton, Blackburn, or Birkenhead is a little more than 128,000, and the entire population of Middlesbrough, Stockport, or Derby is a little less than this number. Of this huge population about 118,000 live in what are known as "tenement houses," the remaining 10,000 finding accommodation in insanitary "cottages." A "tenement house" is defined in the Dublin Corporation Act, 1890, as "any house (not being a common lodging house) occupied by members of more than one family, and in which the average rent charged to the occupiers shall be less than seven shillings a week, and the lowest rent charged to any occupier shall not be more than five shillings a week."

As this legal definition does not convey to those unacquainted with the tenement-house system a sufficiently clear impression to realise the unfitness of this type of dwelling for its present purpose, it is necessary to add a further description of tenement houses.

Generally they are houses that were erected in the latter half of the eighteenth century, when Dublin enjoyed a period of exceptional prosperity. Nearly all of them were originally the mansions of the aristocracy, and, of course, all were built to provide for the requirements of one family only. Many of them now house a family in each room, amounting to forty or fifty souls. They range in size from one storey to five storeys, but they are nearly all three-storey and four-storey houses. The average number of rooms in each house, excluding cellars, is 6·6. The average number of families in each house is 4·9. The average number of persons in each house, based on the census returns, is 22·3. On account of their age and owing to the large number of people in occupation, they are more or

less in an advanced state of decay. They are all entered from the street or lane by a common door, which is rarely shut day or night. The halls and stairs are common, and the rooms open directly off the passages or landings. These halls, stairs, and passages—often cramped and narrow—are not artificially lighted, so that they are quite dark at night. The houses, generally, have yards at the back, except a few that have no yards at all. In the yard, which is the only playground for the children when they are not exposed to the danger of the open streets, are situated one water-tap for the use of all the occupiers, the common refuse and offal bins, and the sanitary conveniences. This latter accommodation is also common, and as the front door of the house is usually open it may be used by anyone who likes to come in off the street. Rarely is there accommodation set apart for each sex. Where there is no yard the water-tap, dustbin, and closet accommodation is generally situated in the basement, which is often badly lighted and ventilated. The roofs, doors, floors, and windows are generally in bad repair, and, notwithstanding the watchfulness of the Public Health staff, are patched in an unsightly and inefficient manner. The houses, consequently, have a most dilapidated and ruinous appearance. The fireplaces and firegrates in the rooms are small and quite unsuited for cooking and for heating large quantities of water for washing and scrubbing. No description of the structural features of tenement houses, however, can impart a sense of the physical and moral effect of their general unfitness for human habitation.

The "cottages" are each occupied by one family, and are described in the Report referred to in these words:—"Some of these structures scarcely deserve the name of house, and could be more aptly described as shelters. A number of them are erected in narrow areas almost surrounded by high buildings or walls with alleys or passages, which in some cases are scarcely more than nine or ten feet wide, as a means of approach. The houses have, as a rule, no separate closet accommodation, but one or two or occasionally more closets are situated in the vicinity, and are common to the occupants of the cottages or anyone who likes to use them, while the water-tap, which is situated close by, is also common. The houses, therefore, so far

as sanitary arrangements are concerned, are in much the same category as the tenement houses. Generally speaking, the living accommodation provided in this class of house consists of a kitchen and a small room. The houses are, as a rule, in bad condition of repair, and the roofs are old and defective."

At the beginning of 1914 there were in Dublin 5,322 tenement houses scattered all over the city. They are to be found within a minute's walk from the leading thoroughfares, the fashionable squares, and the great centres of commercial activity. The 5,322 tenement houses contain 35,227 rooms and 4,331 cellars or kitchens; 32,851 rooms and 1,560 kitchens were occupied by 25,822 families, consisting of about 118,000 persons. The following statement shows how the families were distributed in the tenement houses:—3,270 houses were occupied by from 2 to 5 families, 1,778 houses were occupied by from 6 to 10 families, 104 houses were occupied by from 11 to 15 families, 8 houses were occupied by from 16 to 19 families, and 1 house was occupied by 24 families.

The tenement houses were classified into three classes: first, second, and third. The first class contained "houses which appear to be structurally sound; they may not be in good repair, but are capable of being put into good repair."

The second class comprised "houses which are so decayed or so badly constructed as to be on or fast approaching the border line of being unfit for human habitation."

The third class was made up of "houses unfit for human habitation and incapable of being rendered fit for human habitation."

The first class consisted of 1,516 houses occupied by 8,295 families; the second class was composed of 2,288 houses occupied by 10,696 families; and the third class comprised 1,518 houses occupied by 6,831 families. According to this classification there were, in 1914, 17,527 families living in tenement houses—second and third class—that were either quite unfit for human habitation or were on the border line of being unfit for human habitation, while it was not suggested in the Report or in the evidence that the first-class houses were healthy homes; they merely "appear to be structurally sound."

Of the 25,822 families inhabiting the tenement houses 78 per cent., or 21,000 families consisting of about 90,000 persons, occupy each only one room. It is almost impossible even to imagine any group of conditions encompassing a large population which more heinously contributes to physical deterioration and moral degeneracy than the revolting conditions that must prevail in one-roomed tenements. No description, however vivid, can adequately convey to the mind the extreme wretchedness of such a home. There cannot be effectual separation of the sexes. The parents, the adolescent, and the child must live, sleep, dress, cook, eat, wash body and clothes, read and study in one apartment. This type of uncivilised habitation is wasteful of life and energy; it creates misery and prompts despair, and it saps at the very root the fruition of the best that is in the individual. Births and deaths occur in the room, and the writer is acquainted with at least one instance of a room in which a baby was born and in which an adult died on the same day. It is, however, a relief to record that the majority of births amongst the Dublin working class occur in the world-renowned lying-in hospitals in the city.

The one-roomed tenement is also reflected in a very high rate of infantile mortality. This cannot cause surprise. When a room is not situated on the ground floor the child can only on rare occasions be taken into the fresh open air, and in some instances it seldom gets into the sun's rays till it is able to walk downstairs, when the only places it can seek for sunshine are the open street and common yard. Baby's milk has usually to be kept overnight in the room—is it any wonder that sometimes the baby does not thrive on it? Owing to the long distance to the water-tap from some of the rooms, and the several flights of draughty stairs that must be trudged in order to get to and from it, there is little ground for surprise if only the smallest possible quantity of water is used in the room, or if slops are infrequently removed, as there is usually no special means for their disposal, so that they must be carried to the yard. As already shown, 33·9 per cent. of the total number of distinct families in the city live in these one-roomed tenements. The average number of persons in each room was shown to be 3·31, but when the number of families living

in one-roomed tenements consisting of one person and of two persons was deducted from the total number of families so housed, there remained 12,042 families consisting of 73,973 persons, and thus gives an average number of occupants per room for these 12,042 families of 6·1. Of the remaining 5,000 families who live in tenement houses, 4,000 live each in two rooms only, 800 have three rooms, and 400 four or more rooms. So much for the population of tenement houses.

The conditions prevailing in the houses denominated "second- and third-class houses other than tenement houses" or "cottages," are little better than those which the tenement dweller endures, as will have been seen from the description of these houses already quoted. But where the "cottage" has a self-contained yard the conditions more nearly approach home life than do those prevailing in the tenement houses. In 1914 there were in Dublin 2,413 second- and third-class "cottages." First-class "cottages" were not dealt with, and the "second" and "third" class cottages have the same meaning as that applied to "second" and "third" class tenement houses. It was stated in evidence that 1,136 "cottages" belonged to the third class.

The statistics given in this article have been taken from the Departmental Report to which I have already referred. In order to avoid confusion, I have endeavoured as far as possible to keep the article free from any statistics except those that were indispensable, but I think sufficient have been introduced to establish the unique, mournful, and almost overwhelming magnitude of Dublin's housing problem. Enough data have been supplied to show the grave dangers to which the health of the working class is exposed, to combat which a large Public Health staff is kept working—as no other Public Health staff in Ireland or Great Britain is kept working—day and night. Sufficient facts have been stated to show that the social conditions prevailing in these houses are, for want of the privacy of home life, positively degrading, while the moral health of the youth is ruthlessly exposed to dangerous infection which only for the zeal of their spiritual guides must have long since shown itself in moral degeneracy. It is with the greatest satisfaction that I refer to the reports of the address of the Right Honourable the Recorder of Dublin

to the Grand Jury in opening the Criminal Sessions for the City of Dublin on October 8th, 1917. He said that in all there were fifty-one cases to go before them. They were all of a nature that might not unnaturally be expected to arise in a city like theirs. Regard must be had to the conditions under which the poorer classes of the citizens lived, and there was no doubt that peace and order prevailed, on which he congratulated the Lord Mayor (who with the High Sheriff occupied a seat on the Bench).

The Corporation of Dublin have spent nearly half a million pounds in clearing slum areas in face of very great difficulties, and in building houses for the working class.

As already stated, I have refrained from dealing with the causes that have contributed to the present housing problem or with the alternative solutions propounded, but I feel I must make some reference to the low standard of living amongst the working classes in Dublin on account of the increased cost of living unaccompanied by a corresponding increase in the family's income. From evidence given in December, 1913, before the Housing Commission, from whose Report I have quoted, there appeared to have been 16,311 heads of families living in tenement houses and cottages earning less than 25*s*. per week; and from investigations made in January, 1917, it was calculated that over 8,000 families in tenement houses alone had *gross* weekly incomes of less than 25*s*. The lot of the working-man's wife supporting the average family on less than 25*s*. per week is pathetic beyond mere words. Mr. J. S. Nettlefold once wrote:—"There are many housewives in the slums who are patient and uncomplaining heroines."

When are the men who labour and toil all day, and the women who drudge and tend to the children all day, and these children who are to compose the coming generation, to get an opportunity of admiring Nature in their own allotments surrounding their own self-contained homes?—Nature, if not so beautifully varied as the undulating landscape between Killiney and Glen-na-Smoil which enraptures the English visitor approaching Kingstown Harbour, would be, nevertheless, Nature. When will the Dublin working-man's family in the privacy of its own home, or as the welcome guests in the hospitable home of its fellow

working-man's family, engage in rounds of healthy, social gaieties, which, if not overflowing with as much frivolity and luxuries as those which may have enlivened the sojourn of that English visitor in Dublin, will, with their own castle, though not capacious, and with their own demesne, though not extensive, rescue them from the Slough of Despond and give them the opportunity of enjoying a share of earthly happiness as their Creator ordained?

"'Tis a consummation devoutly to be wished."

Co-operative Homes

(*Continued*)

By Mrs. Alec-Tweedie

An article in The English Review under this heading appeared in May.

It brought the writer dozens of letters from all parts of Great Britain, from Paris, the trenches, from Flanders, and even far-away lands. Practically all of those people approved of the scheme and asked for more details. Those details have now been more or less mapped out, but—and it is a very big *but*—money cannot be given to any project to-day. No company of any sort or kind can be launched; and, even if it could, no private building is allowed beyond £500, and that only under strict supervision on behalf of the Government. All this is annoying for those people of all classes wishing to try co-operative homes; and yet what are the desires of a few handfuls of us in comparison with the stern necessity of getting on with the war?

Nothing matters but the war.

No building of homes or ideals can go far till this war is over.

We must have a cleaner, better, less tyrannous condition to live in than Prussianism and Kaiserdom, so until we have overthrown both—which are really one and the same—we are stifled and handicapped.

Co-operative homes, to mention a first necessity, are primarily for towns, and particularly streets or squares or blocks of buildings.

"How," ask people given to weird and wonderful questions, "are we to live co-operatively in the country?" The answer is that it would only be possible by a method of dividing large country houses into sections and allotting each section to a separate family—a plan that would hardly answer, since three or four families, thus thrown together and dependent on one another, would almost certainly quarrel, largely through ingenuous, innocent-seeming gossip.

We want a million new houses, says the Press. We want a million new houses, says the Government. We want a million new houses, cry the populace. We demand an immediate decision as to the Government housing policy,

says the Joint Committee on Labour Problems after the War. The latter also states that the million new houses, involving five million additional rooms, should be completed within four years of the conclusion of peace, at an estimated cost of £250,000, and that, after the completion of the million, a further 100,000 dwellings will be needed every year. To avoid the danger of ugly cottages, the local authorities—to each of which its proper quota of building work must be assigned—should be furnished with model plans to be adapted to local conditions, and so forth.

In this connection Mr. Hayes Fisher has already addressed himself to the local authorities; but he is of opinion that a complete solution of the housing problem will necessitate the co-operation both of private enterprise and public utility societies, for whose assistance it will be advisable for the State to take steps. The forms sent in by Mr. Fisher ask for information as to the number of houses, in the opinion of the local authority, required now and likely to be needed after the war, the particulars of any scheme prepared by the local authority for the provision of houses under the Housing of the Working Classes Act of 1890, and other pertinent matters.

Also another Committee has been formed, as stated in the following enlightened paragraph in *The Times* (August 1st, 1917):—

WORKING-CLASS HOUSING.

The President of the Local Government Board appointed a committee to consider the question of building construction in connection with the provision of dwellings for the working classes in England and Wales, and to report on methods of securing economy and dispatch in the provision of such dwellings:—

The Committee consists of:—

Sir J. Tudor Walters, M.P. (Chairman), Sir Charles Allom, Mr. F. Baines, Mr. James Boyton, M.P., Mr. W. Fairley, M.I.C.E., Mr. G. Marlow Reed, Mr. J. Walker Smith, A.M.I.C.E., Mr. J. Squires, Mr. Raymond Unwin, F.R.I.B.A., and Sir Aston Webb.

Mr. W. Leonard, of the Local Government Board, has been appointed Secretary of the Committee."

Behold! women and children are the daily, hourly occupants of the homes. The wives run them, cook, wash, do everything, in fact, therein; and yet this Committee of men has not one woman on its board, neither a wife nor a mother, a cook nor a nurse. The result will be again, as usual, houses built by men for women to inhabit.

And in the same breath that men suggest a million more

houses for women and babies, they also suggest that millions more babies should live in these man-built, man-designed, man-comfort homes. The thing is preposterous.

Women must demand better homes and open spaces before the country demands more babies and soldiers.

Think of the thousands of women's lives marred in town homes by the thraldom of the kitchen. And, to begin with, take as an example a well-to-do couple, a man and his wife, who have a small-roomed house of ten, twelve, or fourteen rooms and employ three servants.

The couple themselves use five rooms—two bedrooms and three sitting-rooms.

The three servants use two bedrooms, kitchen, pantry, and perhaps a sitting-room—total five.

The one or two spare rooms may or may not be occupied.

The husband has his breakfast, and is out till dinner-time. The wife perchance ditto. But not so the kitchen department. Hence the housekeeper has not only to think over and order breakfast for five, but a midday meal for the domestic regions, with evening dinner for the husband and kitchen supper for the maids. Legs of mutton and sirloins of beef, under this *régime*, disappear with marvellous rapidity. Joints, with three servants involved, take wings, and the *châtelaine* spends as much time over her kitchen *menus* as her upstairs one, and even then rarely gives satisfaction below stairs.

If the couple want to go away for the week-end they must still provide those large meals below stairs. The household expenses don't seem to decrease one iota because the mistress and her husband are away, so the end of it is the couple become too heavily linked by the chain of their domestic servants. Three meals a day, and seven days a week, make twenty-one meals a week, often doubled if the kitchen and the dining-room are catered for separately—and the nursery to boot, in many cases, with its own separate fare. The nursery is always a trouble. Cooks hate nursery cooking, and other servants invariably object to children.

One afternoon and evening outing a week (perhaps two), with every alternate Sunday, and the domestic household at last ceases to be three. If every servant is to be out five times a fortnight, and there are three servants, it is easy arithmetic to see that there are never three servants in the

house on any one evening. Consequently the housekeeper, who pays for cook, parlourmaid, and housemaid, never can rely on having her full staff for her husband's dinner; while as to extra guests—well, they can't be entertained except as a favour from the parties in the basement.

Again, supposing these outings to be a necessity, would not one equally suppose that the two who are in would cheerfully do the work of the one who is out, knowing that each in her turn would get similar assistance? Try it, and see what sort of dinners you will get on the five nights a fortnight the modern cook expects to go out—or what sort of waiting at table you will get when the parlourmaid sallies forth.

The thraldom of the kitchen, with the constant effort to oblige husband and servants, harasses the average housewife and spoils her happiness. Such is the anxiety and trouble of the self-contained house to-day.

Howbeit, war has done us good in many ways, and among others it has taught us that it is as undesirable to eat between meals as to drink. Even servants have discovered they can manage without that substantial 11 o'clock lunch. The factory hands, too, have learnt that food is only permissible every five hours.

Co-operative homes—let us return to them now—do away with much private misery.

1. The husband and wife live in half the number of rooms, without areas and passages and coal-holes, or area-steps, and all the other hundreds of basement horrors in hundreds of personal houses.

2. By an exchange system of servants for outings they can count on as many as are required.

3. The housewife ceases to feed the kitchen, and the kitchen feeds her in return.

4. When the couple go away for a few days they leave nothing behind in the way of expense or anxiety, so that they can go away oftener and lead freer lives.

5. Expenses can be regulated by ordering meals extravagantly or economically, cooking in the P.K.,* or going out to a restaurant for a change.

* Every house or flat must have a little combination pantry-kitchen. That small P.K. will contain a gas or electric cooking stove. On that stove breakfasts, teas, and, perchance, luncheons can be arranged, and expense curtailed, while individual appetising dishes can be made to suit individual tastes.

6. The housekeeper-slave has time to herself, and fifty housekeepers in a row don't have to do fifty hours of individual shopping, nor need fifty cooks in a row light fifty kitchen fires; for the manager and steward order things in by the ton and at the most advantageous market value, and the central heating for everyone is done in the boiler-house below.

7. And yet the co-operative home is not an hotel. Its occupants are not merely numbers, but real people in real homes, living veritably homey, happy lives, with the advantages of the club, the hotel, and withal of their own homes, together with their very own personal gods and heirlooms and sentimental joys.

War taught women who have run households for years many things. First the appalling waste and dishonesty that have gone on in their homes; secondly, how easy it is to cook, wash a blouse, trim a hat, or do the hundred odd jobs that used to cost so much.

And it has taught that the workman must do away with his parlour; that the well-to-do man must do away with his spare room; both are lumber used for a few days a year, and yet have to be cleaned every week.

As to domestic service under present conditions, contrast it for a moment with factory work.

In the first, a woman receives, roughly, on an *average* £25 a year. Her food and washing cost her mistress another 15*s*. or 16*s*. a week, with light and warmth. Total cost of the average servant 25*s*. a week, without adding rent, which, of course, is equal to another 5*s*. a week. In sum, 30*s*. a week, or £78 a year.

Thirty shillings a week is what thousands of women receive in money or kind for their service. In return for that they do eight or nine hours actual work, and get eight or nine hours of bed.

Now take the other side of the shield. The factory hand during the war has not averaged as high as 25*s*., and her hours have frequently been twelve-hour shifts by day or *twelve-hour shifts by night*, with another one, or perchance two, and sometimes three, hours' travelling. She has had to pay these fares, generally 2*s*. or 3*s*. a week, herself, as also for her food, washing, housing. Often her sleeping hours have been under six, and every fourteen days those

six have been during the unrestful daylight with its hubbub and noise. Therefore, month and month about the factory hand is nothing like as well off, and never as comfortably housed, as the maid.

To sum up, the domestic servant has a better home, better food, better clothes, with less work and more wages in money and kind, than the factory girl. In most cases the domestic's home is luxurious indeed as compared with the lodging or poor cottage inhabited by her industrial sister. If an upper servant, moreover, she not only lives in a comfortable *milieu* of her own, but is in daily contact with that of her mistress, sees the papers, and hears intellectual conversation. She breathes a refining atmosphere, has the handling of beautiful things; so that her work, if she takes any pride in it, has a reactive value of its own. To touch beauty in any shape is to receive subtly beneficial impressions. Look at the ordinary smart domestic servant, and look at her again five years after marriage, when she has become a regular drudge to her husband, her children, and her daily life.

Being thoroughly house-proud myself, loving chairs and tables and glass and china, silver descended from ancestors, and embroideries bought in far-away lands or gifts from dear friends, I feel that one's household gods are oneself. They exhale sentiment, and sentiment goes far to keep us straight in the world. We have got to live up to ideals. Home life is an idyll; everything should be done to make it beautiful and its surroundings worthy. Our home is our pivot. Look into a house and you will gauge the character of its occupant. The home speaks.

Co-operation is now the password of the sexes, not antagonism, and co-operation in the homes in these days of complexity is inevitable. The plans must be arranged now, the fulfilment must be attained as soon as the dogs of war are chained. Life is changed for all of us.

I used to say I hated porridge. I used to say I never would or could cook. It shows what a fool I was. War taught me to like the first, and become quite proficient at the second—even to making pastry in an air raid.

Life is a jumble of possibilities, probabilities, and impossibilities. Man may accept the first, overcome the second, and scorn the third. According to his grit, he

makes his own success; according to his steadfastness of purpose, he impresses those about him; and according to his ethics and the quality of his ideals, he builds up his own future and that of those dependent on him.

Life cannot remain in the present. It is always hurrying on or stopping through death. To stand still is to be passed by others on the moving stairway of existence.

. . . . .

Most excellent plans for co-operative homes have been drawn out by one of our best known architects, embodying my idea of the different styles of these homes. Mr. Ralph Knott, it will be remembered, won the prize of design for the great London County Council Hall opposite the Houses of Parliament, which would have been completed by now but for the war. He has kindly designed three sets of co-operative dwellings, which for ease we will call A, B, and C. These particularly apply to cities, and can be remodelled for existing streets of houses, until the time comes when money and labour are free for larger things. All letters on the subject of these Co-operative Homes can be addressed to me, c/o The Editor, ENGLISH REVIEW, 19 Garrick Street, London, W.

Roughly speaking, Class:

A. Artisans' dwellings: flats from 7s. a week.

In this case the workman can procure a plate of meat or a jug of soup from the communal kitchen. Anything required can be eaten in the common room, or taken away to the flat.

B. Professional class homes: flats from £70 a year to £150.

The same applies to the professional class, with its public dining-room; or a meal can be served in the flat at a small extra charge.

C. More costly: flats from £150 to £600 a year.

Meals can either be served in the restaurant at ordinary first-class hotel prices, or served separately in the flats.

All of these consist of four, five, or six rooms. They have a central or communal kitchen to every sixty or hundred flats, and central heating, baths, and washstands.

Huns in Ireland

By Austin Harrison

On Tuesday, September 25th, I received a communication from Ireland intimating that a grave crisis had arisen. The news astonished me. Only three weeks before I had left Ireland reasonably quiet but for the curious and intermittent provocation policy, as it is known in Dublin, for there was good news of the progress of the Convention, and even the histrionic display of machine-guns and police snipers in the trees at Mitchelstown could not affect the impression I had gathered of a more ordered condition, all the more as I knew that Sinn Fein was bent on constitutionalising itself, so to speak, and enforcing disciplined order. What, then, was this new crisis?

Naturally I turned to the Press, but I could find nothing about Ireland. The newspapers were a blank so far as Ireland was concerned, and had been practically a blank for some little time. On that Tuesday Thomas Ashe died from the effects of forcible feeding.

But still the great London newspapers had nothing to say, so that the public knew nothing, for all that the papers recorded was a paragraph of the death of one of the Sinn Fein prisoners, unexplained and, to the vast majority of Englishmen, insignificant; nor was it until I had received a second private warning that I could form any opinion upon the crisis gathering in Ireland.

I made inquiries in authoritative circles, but no man knew anything except that the situation in Ireland was supposed to be "ticklish," and then I found that editors were not disposed to talk about Irish affairs; in short, London on the day following the death of Ashe was in profound ignorance not only of the events which led to that tragedy, but of the consequences which were bound to result from it.

It is very important that we in England should realise

this now. Let me therefore summarise the position. On September 25th Ashe died in Dublin, and probably not a hundred Englishmen in Britain knew at the time that he was being forcibly fed or why he had resorted to a hunger-strike, or even who he was, and for quite three days after his death, during which period all Ireland was in a ferment, we in London had not the remotest idea of what had happened under Castle government or what was certain to happen if forcible feeding was continued.

On Friday (September 28th) I learnt that forcible feeding was being continued and that a situation was arising in Ireland calculated to produce a crisis of international gravity. That evening, in company with a friend and a distinguished Japanese, I left for Dublin.

No man could have failed to note the immense tension prevailing on that Friday and Saturday. Nearly every man and woman in the streets wore black. As soon as I landed I heard sinister rumours—of movements of troops, of what would happen on the day of the funeral, of the tragedy that would befall Ireland if any more of the prisoners died. I am sure that in London on September 29th no man knew the terrible crisis that existed in the "other" Island. I know that, if my countrymen had known the state of things in Dublin that critical week, someone would have been called to account.

At midday (September 29th) I met the Lord Mayor of Dublin on his way back from Mountjoy Prison. He also was in mourning. He was perfectly frank. The prisoners were still being forcibly fed; two of them were in a state of semi-collapse. "There will be a couple more deaths if they go on," he said, "and then anything may happen." "Can't you do anything?" I asked. He replied: "What can one do? We do not know who controls or who is responsible." He exonerated the military authorities. The orders came "from across the water." "Mr. Duke?" I asked. "He is in England," he replied. I almost gasped with relief. He was doing his best, I knew instinctively, and thereupon I left the Lord Mayor, and mechanically, together with my Japanese friend, we followed the crowd of black-dressed people all pressing to the City Hall, where the body lay in state.

Boy Scouts in Sinn Fein uniform guard the coffin, and

round it we watch the endless procession of mourners filing silently past, the rich and the poor, the old and the young. For days they had filed so past and far into the night. One cannot walk about without seeing the anguish on men's faces, the look of despair. The scene fills me with shame. This Thomas Ashe, a young schoolmaster, has suddenly become the hero of all Ireland. In Lewes Gaol he wrote a little poem, each verse beginning with the words: "Let me carry your Cross for Ireland, Lord!" A man evidently. A martyr! Another of Ireland's martyrs! Why? In Heaven's name, why—and at this juncture? It hurts me to watch these patient Irish salute the dead man. We hurry away. In the streets boys sell photographs of Ashe and copies of his poem. It seems a madness. And wherever I go I hear men talking of what may happen on the morrow.

I regard it my duty to put before my countrymen this simple narrative of events, because we cannot afford to shut our eyes to the strange happenings in Ireland which culminated in the death of Ashe, nor, in the interests of our civilisation, can we ignore the question of responsibility which goes to the foundation of Imperial citizenship. But to go back.

Before I left for Ireland I tried to get the newspapers to make public the serious state of affairs in Ireland, but there seemed to be a curious ban imposed on Irish information; indeed, so formidable was the barrier that the only resource was advertisement. A few days previously a remarkable article had appeared in *The Freeman's Journal*, the Nationalist organ in Dublin, and this we decided to publish as an advertisement. But even the advertisements were refused. Friends of mine on the Press whispered to me that there was a conspiracy of silence imposed upon Fleet Street, and this gave me to think furiously, for at that moment it suddenly occurred to me that Sir E. Carson had recently assumed control of Intelligence and Propaganda, and that only a week or so ago *The Northern Whig*, which is the Ulster Unionist organ, had savagely attacked the Irish Convention, contrary to the instructions issued to the Press to say nothing prejudicial to that body, and consigned its labours to "the waste-paper basket." However, one newspaper found courage, and so *The Star* had

the honour of being the only London newspaper to publish *The Freeman's Journal's* grave warning on Saturday, September 29th.

I want to make clear the singular position which existed on that Saturday. Not one Englishman in a million probably bothering about the tragedy enacted in Ireland for the good reason that for some unexplained reason he was not permitted to know anything about it, and across the Channel all Ireland in a state of suppressed emotion and bitterness, expecting no man knew what.

We wire to Mr. John Dillon, M.P., who wires to London; we do all that we humanly can to induce the Home Government to look into Irish affairs, but it appears useless, and at 4 p.m. on the Saturday Irish friends come to tell us that the sands have run out of the glass, and that on the morrow Ireland will be plunged once more in tragedy and very likely in the throes of revolution.

Then the good news comes—Mr. Duke has returned; the prisoners are to have political status. It circulates through the city like wildfire long before the late evening editions can publish it. Within an hour all Dublin knows that the crisis is over. Men smile again. I go out to find the relief and happiness everywhere. That evening Dublin sleeps in peace.

On the Sunday there is the funeral. By common consent it was the greatest national demonstration ever held in Dublin, far exceeding Parnell's funeral, and that notwithstanding the difficulty of reaching Dublin in the absence of excursion trains. There is no need to dwell on the demonstration. Even to Irishmen it was a revelation of Sinn Fein strength. The whole city was in the streets. Well-dressed women wore Sinn Fein cockades. Thomas Ashe was accorded a State military funeral, headed by a large body of priests, volleys being fired over his grave. All that day Sinn Fein possessed the town. Notable was the strict order, also the complete absence of drunkenness. And so Thomas Ashe, the relatively unknown schoolmaster, has become the greatest of Ireland's "martyrs," and if a man inquires in Dublin who was responsible for this brutal stupidity he will find that no one can tell him, for the very good reason that nobody knows.

That is the point, and the point I would wish to make is that as the result of searching inquiries I feel constrained to say that I acquit Dublin Castle administration of the responsibility. I want here to pass in review a few significant facts which seem to have a bearing on this matter, for it cannot rest in the obscurity of so-called Irish muddle any longer, unless we desire completely to alienate the Irish people and wreck the good work of the Convention. Now what we find is this:

A little while back Sir E. Carson assumed control of Propaganda and Publicity. I do not know what this exactly means, but I presume it gives him a good measure of control over policy and its direction. Not long afterwards *The Daily Telegraph* published an article advocating conscription for Ireland, one or two other papers following suit. Then we have the strange silence, whether imposed or not, of the London Press regarding Ireland, a silence persisted in till after the funeral, when *The Daily Mail* broke the spell with a series of articles on De Valera's "sham" army in County Clare.

Now on September 11th a circular letter was issued to the Visiting Justices of Mountjoy Prison, restricting their jurisdiction over prisoners awaiting trial by court-martial under the Regulations known as D.O.R.A. It was much commented on at the time, and provoked a protest from one at least of the Visiting Justices, who has since resigned as a protest. This matter (at the hour of writing) is still a mystery. No doubt the inquest may throw some light on it. For the moment I will merely say that a restrictive order was issued, on what authority is not clear, and that the order was differently interpreted by the Visiting Justices themselves. Anyhow, the inquest has shown that at the last visit of the Visiting Justices to the prison prior to the death of Ashe the usual questions were not put to the prisoners, nor did they seem to know of the punishment meted out to the prisoners before the hunger-strike began. According to the evidence published in the Irish Press (October 9th) it would appear that no statement of the punishment inflicted upon Ashe—withdrawal of boots, bedding, etc.—was recorded in the Prison Governor's punishment book. We in England knew nothing of all this.

But we have the significant fact of the violent attack made by *The Northern Whig* and other Ulster papers a month before on the Convention while its members were the guests of Belfast, and about the same time we have certain London newspapers angrily demanding conscription for Ireland.

Since the Ashe tragedy we have had further explosions on the part of the Ulster Press, which we must not forget is Sir E. Carson's Press, and the fact is therefore doubly significant in view of the position he now occupies as controller of propaganda; and in its wake we find *The Morning Post* again demanding "firm government"; while only yesterday *The Northern Whig* impudently demanded the removal of Mr. Duke.

The point we now reach is this: Sir E. Carson does not suppress the Ulster newspapers for consigning the Convention to the "waste-paper basket"; does not prevent his own provincial Irish Press from calling for Mr. Duke's removal, but clearly takes no steps to free the English Press from the policy of secrecy whether rightly or wrongly supposed to be inflicted on the great organs of British opinion in regard to Ireland; so that while his own provincial organs can abuse the Convention at their own free will, we in London remain ignorant of the affairs in Ireland, which ended in the disgrace of Ashe's death.

Again, the Lord Mayor of Dublin told me he had traced the authority for continuing forcible feeding after Ashe's death to London, not to the Castle. This is vitally important. Are we to suppose that Mr. Barnes, for instance, in the War Cabinet gave the order to continue forcible feeding after that Tuesday night? He ought to be asked that question in the House. Did he know the prisoners were being forcibly fed on September 24th? That question also should be asked. Only last week another crisis arose because the decision was taken to remove the prisoners to England—a proceeding which would have caused the deepest offence to Irishmen. Will not some M.P. ask Mr. Barnes whether he was party to that decision? I know that he protested against it subsequently, and that it has since been reconsidered, but did he know of its promulgation in the first instance, and, if not, who is responsible for an order

calculated to inflame Irish opinion to the uttermost? These points are of great importance. We cannot overlook them after what has happened. We in England must now demand a straight answer to the question of responsibility in Irish government.

For what we find in this puzzle of Irish misgovernment is that mysterious influences, unknown and untraceable, intervene over the heads of the Castle, continually thwarting, insistently creating new situations and new mysteries where all should be straightforward. And as it is impossible to believe that the British War Cabinet, as such, is occupied with this Machiavellian policy, the question arises: Who is thus directing? What sinister influence is it that seems to bring about these disastrous situations in Ireland? Is it, in short, our English policy—the policy of Mr. George, Mr. Barnes, Lord Milner—or is it the policy of Ulster Irishmen controlling Irish affairs in England?

I say deliberately it is the latter.

The position of Ireland to-day is roughly this. Ninety per cent. of non-Ulster Ireland is Sinn Fein—that is to say, ninety per cent. of Catholic and Protestant Home Rulers have broken away from the Nationalist Party, but are themselves not represented in the Convention. Now here I want to say a few words about Sinn Fein or Young Ireland, which I implore my countrymen to give ear to.

Hitherto the cry in Ireland has been the Castle. Always it has been the "wicked" English. The feud has been represented as an English feud, but this attitude has been slowly changing, and is to-day forcing the hands of Parliamentary Nationalism. Thus Mr. Swift MacNeill spoke in the House of a "policy of exasperation accentuated by malignities"; and he spoke as a Sinn Feiner in spirit when he referred to "the puny and rapacious bureaucracy which has thriven to the ruin of the public interest."

Now what does this mean, or wherein lies the change of attitude? It means that Young Ireland or Sinn Fein have learnt that the enemy to conciliation is not so much England or the Castle, but the Protestant Irishmen associated with Unionism who control affairs in England. This is not a paradox; it is the truth. The success of Sinn Fein is due to the Nationalist Party's neglect of that Young Ireland which has been gradually growing up during the

last twenty years, and to the wreckage caused by Sir E. Carson's revolutionary movement in 1914, which *broke the power and status of Parliamentary Nationalism.*

That is the key to the whole position. Sir E. Carson in 1914 introduced revolution once more into Ireland, and it was supported by English Unionism. Its reaction to-day is Sinn Fein. From the hour that Sir E. Carson declared he would break the laws, Mr. Redmond's work of thirty years was destroyed. Now we have—No-Man's Land.

This it is we in England must realise: Sinn Fein is not a personal movement such as the Parnell following; it is essentially a national attestation, a kind of national Socialism, linking up more and more with Irish Labour and supported by the Irish women. The more we poke fun at it, the greater it will grow. No doubt the spectacle of Young Ireland refusing to fight for Democracy is horrible, but all men in Ireland are agreed that such a spectacle would never have arisen but for Sir E. Carson's revolutionary policy in 1914, which once more threw Ireland into extremism. Now the change in Ireland's attitude is that she realises this. If Mr. Redmond and his Party are to-day phantom representatives—and they are—it is because of Sir E. Carson and of that baneful policy which made Ulster the key of Unionism.

Thus we find Mr. Duke savagely attacked by *The Irish Times* (October 17th), though it was Mr. Duke who took a prominent part in stopping forcible feeding on that fateful Saturday and so prevented what might well have proved a tragedy without example. When *The Irish Times* calmly writes that "failing such assurances he (Mr. Duke) must be asked to transfer his responsibilities to stronger hands," we have a pure example of the Protestant Irish Party terrorism which is the cause of all the trouble. It is Trinity College speaking. It is Ulster politics. It is the Carson monopoly which runs Ireland, thus helping to poison feeling in Ireland by attacking the English civil administration.

See the insidious way they do it. *The Irish Times* (October 17th) suggests that the "English people" are vaguely aware of trouble, but "they have no real apprehension of the proportions and very serious menace of that

trouble." And then comes the attack on Mr. Duke for not checking "the sedition" hampering the progress of the Allied arms. Mr. Redmond then gets a "lick," and then we have the call—that old ruse for exploiting the situation—for the "firm" hand and the proper administration of the law. Now how many Englishmen are aware that *The Irish Times* represents Protestant Unionism or Carson? So that here we find Castle government as represented by Mr. Duke scolded by a Protestant newspaper, speaking, as it were, for the Kildare Street Club, for too much leniency; and Englishmen who do not know the inside of Irish life read this appeal for the "big stick," and must wonder why Irishmen want more kicks than the Castle gives them. That is the situation in a nutshell. Irish Protestantism in Catholic Ireland is fighting for power, for the positions of authority in the Press and elsewhere that it holds. All this must be cut away. Must, I say, because Sinn Fein fully realises that a few active and aristocratic Protestant Irishmen in England are the real obstructionists, who play on English ignorance of Ireland and on the embers of religious sentiment for their own political interests under the formula of British Imperialism. This is the real Irish difficulty. It is the Carson *régime*. It is the policy of perpetual negation.

The truth is that just as Catholic Ireland has been deceived as to the bigotry of England, so we have been deceived about Nationalist Ireland. The real bigot is the Protestant Irishman. Sinn Fein, which arose from the "executions" of the rebellion more as an emotion than as a policy, is a movement of Young Ireland, and what it stands for is the gospel of self-reliance. For years before the seeds had been sown, in the language movement, in the labour world, in the Young Irish Press. In 1916 Mr. Asquith went to Ireland and declared that Castle government had broken down. Yet what happened? It was re-imposed. And since the advent of Sir E. Carson in the War Cabinet all the old abuses have broken out in intensified form, so that all confidence in the British Government has been destroyed. That is the position. We offended the Irish over recruiting by employing Protestant and notably Unionist Party agents. Every man in Ireland can tell of the sinister muddle which alienated

Irish Catholics *; they say that all kinds of obstacles were put in the way of men seeking commissions, so reluctant was the Administration to admit them.

From the hour that Sir E. Carson entered the Coalition War Cabinet recruiting in Nationalist Ireland, which was on the upgrade, declined till it has practically come to a standstill. Can any fair-minded Englishman fail to understand that the Carson Irish bureaucracy, which controls Ireland through the Kildare Street Club in Dublin—the home of landlords and officialdom—and controls even the policy of Britain, must, after the armed Ulster movement, constitute a fatal bar to all understanding, all conciliation, all progress? They see their country run by an obscure ex-officer of the Irish Constabulary, a certain Protestant Major Price. They see a Convention appointed, and when its members are the guests of Belfast the Carson Ulster Press insult it. *The Northern Whig* consigns it to the "waste-paper basket." Why? Sir E. Carson is to-day controller of publicity, yet his Ulster political organ tells the Convention to go and drown itself. They see the Castle itself controlled by mysterious influences, and they ask: Who is the controller? Mr. Lloyd George! Hardly; he is too busy with the war. Is it Lord Milner, Mr. Barnes? Again the answer is surely in the negative. They see the tragedy of Thomas Ashe, and, following that, they see the Ulster newspapers calling for the removal of Mr. Duke—observe, an Englishman—supported by *The Morning Post*, pursuing Carson Unionist politics, and the Protestant Irish editor of *The Irish Times*, who is the correspondent of *The Times* in Dublin.

What we have to realise here is this. Sinn Fein is the reaction to Sir E. Carson's revolutionary movement. Now this from the English or Imperial point of view is a healthy sign. It is the index finger of the solution. It means that the opportunity has come for true *Imperial statesmanship*.

I am perfectly clear that nothing can be done now so long as Castle government remains, because all Nationalist Ireland recognises now that Castle government is itself controlled by Ulster Unionist politics *in England*. And

* The (Catholic) National University was refused the right of a cadet corps for commissions, whereas (Protestant) Trinity College, which Sir E. Carson represents, was immediately accorded the Imperial honour. Why?

that is the healthy sign. To ask Nationalist Irishmen to-day to trust us so long as the author (and his following) of the threatened Ulster revolution of 1913–14 controls the English attitude towards Ireland in the British Government is useless. As well ask Sir E. Carson himself to trust the German Emperor, although he may place confidence in his imported German rifles. The change of attitude in Ireland means England's chance. It is to show the Irish that we here are not going to be dictated to by a handful of Irish Protestant politicians who, under the cloak of anti-Popery, control the English attitude and so frustrate all hopes of settlement.

What are we to do? We must act, and act now. Is there a solution?

There is. The solution is immediate statesmanship. First of all, to set up an interim Government of Ireland composed of Irishmen, say of two selected leaders of the three Parties, and so remove the seat of the trouble—the Phœnix Park anachronism. The police should be placed under a real Irish Executive. Nor have I the smallest doubt—and I have had unusual opportunities for studying all features of the Irish situation in three successive visits—that the moment Sinn Fein was made responsible it would astonish even Irishmen by its progressive responsibility. We could then await with some real confidence the finding of the Convention. Nothing less will serve.

To continue the present policy of provocation such as the proposal to remove Sinn Fein prisoners to England is suicidal. The Irish Ulster bureaucracy which governs Ireland must be broken up, and in their place we must give the Irish confidence. Then only shall we succeed. All half-measures, all attempts at thimble-rigging, will fail, not because of the Irish antipathy to Englishmen, but because ninety per cent. of Nationalist Ireland will no longer be controlled by Sir E. Carson and a posse of Protestant Irish emigrants, resident in England, fattening on the credulity and the Shakespearean chivalry of Englishmen. That is the brutal truth, and the sooner we in England realise it the better for this Empire.

British Labour is closely watching the Irish position. The whole world is watching England's attitude. We must now decide. I say it with sadness and with full

responsibility that if we allow ourselves here to be carried away by the Minority Ulster attitude we shall drift into disaster and irredeemable catastrophe. We, too, must see to the Huns * in our midst, or this great fight will have been fought in vain. Ireland is ready for settlement. Failure on our part to do the simple and right thing now must prejudice our cause before the eyes of the world, and may yet imperil our Imperial truth.

* *The Freeman's Journal,* the organ of the Nationalist Party, constantly uses the word Prussianism concerning recent affairs in Ireland, a policy which causes serious resentment in America.

The Military Situation

By Major Stuart-Stephens

In the spring, when our military experts turned lightly to thoughts of victory, this country was informed that Hindenburg's "retreat" was the sure precursor of the end of this planet's gigantic throat-cutting. The long-held-up mounted arm was once more in the limelight. "*L'arme blanche* will once more assert itself in what will prove to be the beginning of the end. The beautiful white weapon will vindicate itself," was the chorus of my friends in the British and French cavalry Services, yet I saw at the time no likelihood of any such activity in the then near future. Writing in this Review on March 12th, when it was announced that our cavalry were on the heels of the Hun, I asked, "How many of our troopers are engaged in this congenial work? Just mere detachments employed in maintaining touch with the enemy's rearguards, who are in process of orderly withdrawal to a deliberately prepared new alignment. And so, I dare to say, will be the task that our own and the French mounted army will find still imposed upon them when I write upon the results of the Hindenburg withdrawal six months after these pages have appeared in this Review." And in the same article I wrote, "We *maffick* when we read of this utterly misnamed enemy 'retreat,' but we fail to remember that an army that has retired and awaits attack may aim at obtaining the advantage of surprise just as much as an army moving to attack, and there cannot be any reasonable probability of a 'knock-out' blow in the area in which this summer's or autumn's operations will be carried on. The 'ring' is not suitable; it does not favour Mr. Lloyd George's much-advertised 'knock-out.' There is no clean area of ground fit for the deployment of armies, one or the other of which would be able to inflict a decisive blow. The combats will be more or less localised, so that no rapid or overwhelming decision of the Napoleonic order can be sought by either side until the biggest armies that have ever been set into motion

debouch into the plains of the Low Country." When I thus wrote in the middle of last March the majority of military-political writers in this wonderful land of ours were assuring their readers that July would see the *avant couriers* of necessary peace appearing upon the panorama of world-wide slaughter, Brussels being the headquarters of the Allied generalissimos and the stability of the Rhine's bridges being menaced by the weight of the Huns' retreating hosts. When I had studied these comforting forecasts, which ended suddenly about the middle of April—not the most suitable date of that month—I closed the pages of the elderly *Spectator* and the more juvenile *Nation*, and simultaneously did the like with my left eyelid. And now here, October having passed its course over the heavens, what do we see? The soldiery of our Empire looking down upon the immemorial plateaux of Belgium, a couple of million of Britons and Greater Britons surveying from the last-won altitude the cockpit of Europe, where once manœuvred the tiny armies of John Churchill and Arthur Wellesley.

So this is as far as we have arrived; nor could we have expected more. How otherwise, after thirty years' study of Prussian war doctrine, into which was sandwiched some years of most interesting and satisfactory secret service missions, in the land where war was the only means to a national end, and where I contrived to become the intimate of such teachers of the greatest of all games as Bronsort von Schlenendorf and von Maeckel, the creator of the modern Japanese conquering army. I would have been a more wonderful fool than my friends tell me I look if I had taken an otherwise view in the early spring of this year of the course of the military events that were bound to range themselves between them and the present moment of writing. For many years I have endeavoured to put myself within the skin of the German Grosser General Stab, and I have found no wondrous discovery, that the grey matter of the Kaiser's war machine has invariably acted upon what I conceive to be a most obvious and simple line of action. Looking at German strategy from this point of view, the writer in September, 1916, predicted under his name that Roumania, having entered the world-welter, would completely "muff" her place in the game, and would, instead of effecting a sharp thrust at Sofia, dissipate her

strength on the immediate lowland of Transylvania, with the effect that the counter-stroke would effect the death-wound of her capital, Bucharest, within the first week of the coming December.

Without fear of being stigmatised as a shameless boaster, my carefully calculated anticipation proved true to a day, as did three years before this monstrous war my prophecy that the first shot in Armageddon would resound on August Bank Holiday, 1914.* I have descended to these morsels of personal detail because they may perhaps hold me excused in endeavouring to assume what my reading of the present military conditions may bring forth before we arrive at this time next year.

We have seen the myth dissipated of a summer and autumn campaign of manœuvre. The phase of manœuvre has, as I foretold in the early spring, resolved itself into a desperately slow and enormously expensive (in the matter of casualties) mode of driving a trifle nearer the Belgian frontier the prolongation of the enemy's flank to the sea. As compared with the decisive results that we looked for from this last six months' operations, we have not much to be thankful for. And there is nothing in our present position to warrant the expectation this year of more than local tactical advances which have little effect upon the strategic position on the Western front. And, on the other hand, the comforting theory of encirclement with its all-round pressure of the Central Empires has gone by the board. The military collapse of Russia as the aftermath of its internal convulsion has given the opportunity of driving back the least line of resistance.

The end of summer, 1916, saw Germany fast in the toils of a rigorous encirclement. Arrived the autumn, and with it the commencement of the whirlwind onslaught of deluded Roumania. This year again, when, not many weeks past, Germany's military position was confidently assumed to be in well-nigh desperate case, the Teutonic amphibious movement has eventuated in the control of the Baltic Sea passing into the hands of the Kaiser. As a nation we never believe in anything until it has happened. Our lack of imagination last year with regard to the consequences of the Roumanian adventure, and this year again

* *London Evening Times*, September 11th, 1911: "When and Where will Germany Strike?"

of what advantageous possibilities the Russian upheaval held open to Germany, has caused us another gigantic sum in millions and a further prolongation of this world-welter of blood. And thus we are once more in the presence of a set-back—last year by the fall of Bucharest; this by what will have taken place before these lines appear in print, namely, the passing into German possession of Reval. And so we will sit down to our annual experience of mud and its concomitant—moribund war. The development on the most gigantic scale conceivable has failed to show any prospect of the end being arrived at by the sweeping of the Hun back to the Rhine under the stimulant of an avalanche of shell-fire.

The conquest of the field of operations by America will, I feel assured, do the trick, that is as far as driving back the enemy to the line to which throughout I have pointed to in this REVIEW as the furthest limit that we can count on driving the enemy eastward, the glorified Torres Vedras with which Antwerp and the confluence of the Meuse and Sambre at Namur have been linked up. And that arrived at will come the end of this interminably long-drawn-out world-struggle. How is such a consummation to come about? Mainly as a result of the work now in progress under the United States Aircraft Production Board. Everywhere the conviction deepens that the cavalry of the skies will prove the decisive factor in the war. The side that can secure and hold the mastery of the air is the side that must win. We have, at intervals since the spring of last year obtained, owing to the superb valour and resource of our young airmen, relative moral ascendancy in the nether blue. In the great Somme Push it looked as if we had practically swept the enemy's flying units from the sky, but the Germans since then have put forth enormous efforts, have improved and standardised their aeroplanes to a degree that enables them to maintain an output in proportion to the requirement of air fighting on the immense scale to which it has been surely tending. Our reply must be annihilation of the enemy's air service by force of overwhelming superiority, and it is here that to America we must look.

The part that America was expected to play in the European war-cyclone has been steadily increasing in importance. At the onset the unthinking masses of this

country regarded their Transatlantic cousins rather as useful auxiliaries of the Allies than as full participants. Their industrial power would, of course, be placed at the service of the Allies in greater measure than in the period of what we now know was one of friendly neutrality. And their immense financial resources would, on equitable terms, be drawn upon. Some naval and possibly military aid was to be given, but this was generally regarded as a condition of the United States' own self-respect, not as a necessity of Britain and France. Now we realise that America has committed herself to vastly more significant work. Her food supplies have passed under control in order that she may provision not only a colossal American Continental Army on this side of the Atlantic, but also relieve the pinch in France and England. Her industries have been commandeered whenever necessary to ensure the maximum output of everything that is concerned in the waging of war as it is fought to-day. Mr. Hoover has been set up as a sort of Lord High Victualler in a province of his own, and a Great Mogul of raw materials has the assistance of no less than sixteen minor Moguls, whose Committees, beginning with alcohol and aluminium and asbestos, run down impartially through the alphabet to zinc.

But it is the work of the United States Aircraft Production Board that most nearly concerns the answer to the one question that the whole world is asking: How long is the war going to last?

The Air Production Board has brought it about that, according to an official statement from Washington, one hundred thousand American airmen are now in process of training for aerial combat on the one important area, that of the Western Front. From information on the day of writing (Saturday, October 20th), and from a source through which at this time last year I was enabled to predict the collapse of Roumania, I am inclined to fancy that this figure of the total corps of air-fighters that America expects to put in action has been largely minimised. The "States" are the home of modern scientific invention. The American Wright brothers were the veritable pioneers of the true solution of the aerial problem of a winged flying machine. To use the apt Americanism, American boys are imbued with the "jump"—that is, the infinite capacity for grasping in a moment the work in hand. Probably there are more

men of the most suitable age to be found of this type in God's Own Country than are to be lassoed in Merrie England or Fair France, and I write this with due qualms for the storm of indignation that may break over my unlucky head. And then again the population of the States is, if we are to believe Mr. Whitaker and other well-informed persons, a considerably larger one than that of the Western Allies. These considerations taken into due account must supply our salvation when the final factor, which is superiority in the air, becomes a matter of calculation.

If next year the skies of Eastern France and Western Belgium are literally darkened with Yankee aircraft the end of the war is most certainly in sight. Such development means the destroying of the enemy's immediate lines of communication and depôts of munitions in the area of next year's operations. There is no blinking this self-evident fact, can but the all-omnipotent American Aircraft Production Board materialise its tremendous programme. But (and there is always a "but" in dealing with the unscrupulous, resourceful German) there always must stare us and our American Allies in the face the not remote possibility of sabotage being attempted on a hitherto unknown scale by the pro-German element in the Western Republic. The enormous possibilities for decisive results in warfare which have been conferred by their users upon the development of such explosives have also equally supplied a new weapon in the destroyal of the manufacture of war material. Just as easy as science has made it to use new and overwhelming forces in the winning of war, so has it facilitated the ease of their destruction. No precautions have heretofore saved in America the military engineering plant and its output from the attack in the back by desperate and resourceful agents subsidised by an unscrupulous foreign enemy. The danger will be always there, and in its presence it is, I fear, almost impossible to predict of American assistance in the area of operations as being the one ultimate factor which will define the ending of the world-war. And this conclusion of mine urges me to the hope that such a settlement as the much-discussed International Magna Charta scheme offers may have the effect of very definitely limiting the enemy activity across the Atlantic.

The International Magna Charta

THE two articles published in THE ENGLISH REVIEW (July and August) entitled "The Way to Peace: The Maximum Conception" and "An International Magna Charta," which, constituting a world-formula for war and peace, are to be read as one, continue to excite widespread and already international interest.

Of the many replies and acknowledgments the most sensational so far is that recorded in a letter from Mr. John MacNeill in conjunction with Mr. De Valera. It is as follows:—

"DEAR MR. HARRISON,—

"I have read Mr. Arthur Henderson's letter to you on the subject of an International Magna Charta, a letter in which he is kind enough to attach importance to my view on the matter. I have also shown the letter to Mr. De Valera. He and I, no less than Mr. Henderson, approve of the principles of your idea, and hold that, if the principle can be brought to a working test, we in Ireland should be prepared if necessary to fight for it. But our approval can be no more than an empty formula so long as the Dublin Castle administration is allowed to hold the real power in Ireland, with our liberty, and possibly even our lives, constantly at its mercy.

"I should be very glad of an opportunity to meet Mr. Henderson and other Labour leaders in Great Britain and confer with them about these and kindred matters.

"Yours faithfully,

"EOIN MACNEILL."

Here we find the two leaders of Sinn Fein ready to fight for the principle of the International Magna Charta—the principle, that is, of the World Justice as against the doctrine of Force which is the cause of the present war.

Mr. Arthur Henderson's letter to which John MacNeill refers is as follows:—

"I am very much interested in your brave efforts to secure the incorporation of the great principles and ideals

for which we have entered the war—and for which multitudes have sacrificed themselves—in an International Magna Charta. As I understand it, your objective is similar to that of British Labour in seeking through a preparatory International Conference the basis of a People's peace. The interesting letters published in this month's ENGLISH REVIEW indicate the widespread desire for the application of sound principles, and the final settlement of the great world conflict. May I say that I, especially, welcome the adhesion of Mr. Eoin MacNeill, which I trust may be taken as an augury that our united efforts to heal the deep wounds of Ireland may find permanent healing in the effort to establish a world democracy."

In line with the above interesting communication from the Right Hon. Arthur Henderson, M.P., is the following letter from Mr. Thomas Johnson, ex-president of Irish Trades Congress, who writes :—

"As requested, I have read carefully and with interest the article calling for 'an International Magna Charta which would define the principles of self-government based upon justice and a right consideration of the welfare of the part in its relation to the whole.'

"Without subscribing to all the arguments used in support of the proposal, I think the central idea is a great one. It seems to me in complete accord with all that is implied in the proposed Stockholm Conference, to which the organised workers of Ireland have recently given their emphatic support.

"The spirit of Imperialism based upon force, wherever and in whatever form it may be expressed, must be opposed by the Labour Parties of all countries. Their very existence is essentially an embodied protest against the rule of force.

"I hope, therefore, that you will continue your efforts to dethrone the power of might in International affairs, and that there may be established in its stead the reign of law based on reason and a recognition of the mutual dependence of nations."

The late Sir W. P. Byles, M.P., wrote :—

"The League of Nations proposed by President Wilson, and supported by many of the best minds in this

country, seems to me the best instrument for forging 'An International Magna Charta,' which, I am glad to see, is so ardently desired. 'Wise men and elders,' 'law lords and judges' are all very well in their place, but the workers and the *young* men and women will have to assist them, or there will be no settlement."

Mr. Norman Tiptaft writes:—

"I quite agree with the idea of summoning such conferences as suggested, and I believe that if they could be got together and make definite statements along the lines stated, it would be of an inestimable permanent value."

The Bishop of Rochester writes:—

"The project you advocate is very difficult to realise, and I see some points which appear to me to require reconsideration; but if such an International League of Justice could be set on foot, it would be manifestly of extreme value for the future peace of the world."

Mr. Israel Zangwill writes:—

"As one who always maintained that Reason and Love must be brought to bear upon the world-situation, and that these are the only things that have never been applied by politicians, I welcome the splendid article demanding an International Magna Charta."

The Rt. Hon. Ameer Ali writes:—

"I have read it with much interest and profit, and have no doubt your suggestions will make the readers of THE ENGLISH REVIEW give serious consideration to the momentous problem that faces the Empire."

The Rector of Kirkcaldy High School writes:—

"Except that some limitation of the principles of self-government must be made in the case of backward races, I heartily agree with the views of your article on an 'International Magna Charta' and the need of taking the objective and settlement of the war out of the hands of mere politicians."

The Headmaster of Repton writes:—

"I doubt whether such a Conference is within the realm of the practicable. If it were, it might achieve untold

blessings for the world. It would not be impartial, but, as 'OOI' sees, impartiality is impossible as between God and the Devil. It would possibly not prevent 'the carrying on of the war to its remorseless end on physical lines.' But it would be authoritative; it would set the standard; it would proclaim the lines of reconstruction. It might convert Germany. And now rather than later should 'the enthronement and attestation of Right' be proclaimed by authority and in concrete form from the mouth of the Allies."

Acknowledgments of the first article were received by M. Nabokoff, Chargé d'Affaires for Russia, who wrote:—

"I wish to say I entirely agree with all the ideas therein expressed."

Lieutenant-General Smuts wrote:—

"The world is indeed out of joint, and only a kindly Providence could set it right again. What will help us most is a spirit of steadfastness while the agony is on, and a spirit of forgiveness when it is over."

Sir Arthur Pinero wrote:—

"I am fully in agreement with the main contention of the article called 'The Way to Peace.' A firm, joint declaration of the leaders of the three principal Allied countries of the unalterable aims of the war seems to me to be not only politic but vital. The impression, which is growing daily, that the heads of the various Governments are mere opportunists clinging to the skirts of chance should be at once removed."

From the Master of Marlborough:—

"There are some points in the article for THE ENGLISH REVIEW of July which I should be inclined to criticise, particularly the proposal to hand over German South-West Africa to America. The spirit of generous good faith behind that proposal I admire, but I think it wrong in its application, since it involves the ignoring of a great community which is both vitally concerned, has paid the cost, and is entitled to the decision.

"But that we should make clear to the whole world that we will give Ireland the right to decide for herself, and that we are honest in our support of the freedom of

nationalities without any reservations; that, again, we shall clearly define our purpose, and swerve neither to the right nor left from exerting our maximum effort to the definite end, are propositions which command my full support, however I may refuse to commit myself to matters of detail. And it seems to me essential that this re-statement and this lining-up for a maximum effort are greatly needed *now*."

From W. A. Chapple, M.P.:—

"Your article on 'The Way to Peace' greatly interested me. Many thanks for giving me an opportunity of perusing it.

"It is little use proclaiming terms of peace to your enemy as an inducement to his acceptance if one of your conditions is that his head must come off. Germany's military head must come off. Her militarism must be dethroned. We cannot renew a soul-destroying competition in armaments, nor live in the presence of her menace.

"The Kaiser and his caste therefore will fight on till they are beaten, and until their people rise and call them off.

"But, with you, I believe in the public announcement of terms of peace as a method of shortening the war and saving lives and money and precious time for reconstruction.

"There are terms, however, that must appeal to Bulgaria and Turkey and Austria and Hungary. We don't want the heads of these peoples in the sense that we must have the head of Germany. They do not menace our future. Our terms with them will be quite different. If they knew this they would appeal months, if not years, before Germany would appeal.

"This is the line of least resistance, and of greatest promise.

"The proclamation of modified terms regarding the Colonies and annexations and indemnities in the face of the several terms we must exact from Germany will not bring one moment nearer the period of peace; but modified terms regarding Constantinople and Macedonia will encourage, if not precipitate, the detachment of Turkey and Bulgaria and bring the end within our field of vision.

"If the trend of your mind and the power of your pen could be turned towards this line of policy, I feel sure it

would help the consummation of the only victory worth striving and praying for."

From Monsieur A. Aulard, Professeur à la Sorbonne :—

"Votre idée d'une entente plus étroite entre MM. Wilson, Ribot et Lloyd George, non seulement pour un ultimatum net à l'Allemagne, mais pour un maximum d'efforts en commun, me sourit beaucoup. On n'a pas encore assez compris cette vérité élémentaire, qu'une coalition ne peut vaincre que par l'unité. Quant à votre Comité de trente penseurs, permettez-moi de vous dire que j'en voudrais voir le nombre reduit à trois au plus. Trente n'aboutiraient à rien de pratique. Deux ou trois s'entendraient peut-être pour un avis utile. Je les voudrais jeunes, parce que, pour finir la guerre, notre sagesse doit être audacieuse.

"Veuillez agréer, Monsieur, tous mes sentiments les plus distingués.

From Lord Ebury :—

"It appears to me that good results might be anticipated from some of its suggestions if they were unanimously adopted by the three statesmen to whom you refer. With the influences surrounding two of them I have little acquaintance, but I am quite sure that the third is much too deeply immersed in considerations of party politics to approach those suggestions with an open mind."

From Lord Desborough :—

"I have been away, or I would have answered your letter before. As I have taken the same line as that pursued in your article as Chairman of the London Chamber of Commerce, and also of the British Imperial Council of Commerce, I need hardly say that I am in very general and cordial agreement with the underlying purpose of the article which you were good enough to send me."

From Mr. John D. Rose, Kirkcaldy High School, Kirkcaldy :—

"I have to thank you for the copy of your article, 'The Way to Peace,' which should compel direct thinking by its readers. The war has certainly gone too far to let

anything but justice be tolerable for its final end. If we are to preserve self-respect as partners with America and Russia in the coming days and to strike with full force at the organised devilry of Prussianism, expediency and diplomacy must be cast out by the passion of righteousness and refusal of all material gain. Let the German colonies by all means be entrusted to America, if she will take them, and Russia needs proof of our disinterestedness. If the Irish cannot come to an agreement, then let each part of the country decide its own government; and if the Nationalists still desire independence, let them have it for themselves with all its consequences.

"Such a high spirit, however, is impossible to create in this country till the foe to all spiritual fervour and consecrated effort—the Drink Traffic—is prohibited. When the Government determines to cast out that greatest exploiter of the weak and demoraliser of the strong, then a new Britain will be born in a day and your Way to Peace might be realised."

From Earl Brassey, G.C.B.:—

"Thank you very much for allowing me to see an advance copy of the article, on 'The Way to Peace,' to be published in THE ENGLISH REVIEW for July. With the general principle expressed therein I am in thorough agreement.

"I trust that the article will receive wide and careful attention.

"May I add that I most fully concur with Lieut.-General Smuts in the views briefly expressed by him in his note to you."

From Lieut.-General Sir Robert Baden-Powell, K.C.B., K.C.V.O.:—

"I am grateful for the advance copy of the article which you have sent me. It is difficult in the present stress of work to study its wide subject so closely as to be able to offer any suggestion worth consideration.

"The major principle of a definite and clearly expressed policy must without doubt appeal to all, but the minor details are open to discussion, and if THE ENGLISH REVIEW can ventilate them it will be doing a valuable work at this moment."

From Ramsay MacDonald, M.P.:—

"Agree generally your national Magna Charta."

From the Rt. Hon. Sir Alfred Mond, Bart., M.P.:—

"It is not customary for members of Parliament to express opinions on such matters."

From Silas K. Hocking:—

"I thank you for permitting me to see in advance the article on 'The Maximum Conception,' which is to appear in next month's ENGLISH REVIEW. I have read it this morning for the *third* time, and with deepening conviction. The imperative need of the hour is for a clear and unequivocal statement of the Allies' objective. Statesmanship is more needed to-day than guns. We have had too much talk about 'knock-outs,' too many vague generalisations. The peoples—not only of the Allied nations, but of neutral countries—are thirsting to know what exactly we are after. It is time we were told, time that Germany was told. We are fretting ourselves to death in the dark.

"The suggestions of 'OOI' are wise and timely. I hope they will be heeded by our War Council."

[Extract.]

From Admiral Sir N. Bowden Smith, K.C.B., R.N.:—

"It might be well for Ribot, Wilson, and Lloyd George to come to an agreement as to what are the minimum peace terms the Allied Powers would accept, but they should not be made public without Italy and Japan being consulted. The latter has done some good service, and will never allow Germany to re-establish herself at Kiauchow, or form any other naval base in their seas.

. . . . . .

"I went to sea in 1852, and have seen the British Empire in the making. You cannot imagine how interesting it is to me to see the Empire on its trial.

"There can be no doubt as to the final issue, but we are all crying out, How long?"

From Lord Charnwood, sometime Tutor of Balliol, Oxford:—

"I so thoroughly agree with the general purport of 'The Way to Peace: the Maximum Conception' that such

minor criticisms as I might make are not worth making. I could only add to it that in my expectation our purpose in the war will not be achieved by a single settlement at a single peace conference, but will need years of steadfast co-operation between the Allies to work out, and may involve an armed occupation of some part of the belligerent territories for a while after the war.

"This is not a negation of anything that 'OQI' says, but an addition. The end (sooner or later) of the war is not going to restore us to our former isolation from France and from America."

Viscount Barrington wrote:—

"Although in accord with most of the article from THE ENGLISH REVIEW, I am not entirely so. I think you are proposing too much into the hands of the United States, and I am not at one with you as to your ideas on the Irish problem.

"N.B.—There is a great deal I cordially agree with."

Lord Parmoor wrote:—

"I am, however, in entire agreement with your views as to the necessity of a statement of the objects for which the war is being now fought, and think that sufficient information should be given, through an uncensored Press, to enable ordinary persons to understand what the present conditions really are. Mere general appeals to ideas of Justice and Humanity fail to satisfy more thoughtful opinion, and grow stale through constant reiteration without any discrimination. . . .

"Lastly, in my opinion the after-war conditions are of more importance than the actual treaty terms. It is essential that there should be a well-constituted International League embracing all countries, and disarmament to a very considerable extent."

Books

ESSAYS AND GENERAL LITERATURE

MODERN WATER COLOUR. By ROMILLY FEDDEN. Murray. 6*s.* net.

This is no ordinary manual, and we do not hesitate to recommend this essay to all lovers of modern art, be they students or not.

The name of Mr. Romilly Fedden as a painter needs no introduction to most readers of this REVIEW, and such an exponent of the most difficult branch of painting has a special claim upon our attention. He is to be congratulated on his achievement as an author.

Though originally intended for the studio, this is a book deserving far wider recognition, and the opening chapters will make a strong appeal to the lay reader. Fortunately, the writer seems to have felt his subject required some introduction for our better understanding and enjoyment, and he has succeeded in writing a long-needed book, and one that will enhance our appreciation of modern art. We have here, clearly set forth, sound judgment, catholic taste, and a sensitiveness to those subtleties that reveal a safe guide. The remarks on colour and the colourist are original, and cause the reader to think. The absence of that narrowness of attitude, too often found among artists, is a sure indication of Mr. Fedden's wide sympathies. His book should do much to dispel those hazy misconceptions of the aims of modern schools, and should render inexcusable the lazy criticism that still confuses movements so widely opposed as Post-impressionism and Futurism. The latter is admirably dealt with; humour and a light touch are to be found on the question of house decoration, and his advice to the aspiring student is excellent; fathers, too, should read his word of warning.

We do not know if this is a *début*, but we shall await further work with much interest.

BOOKS

FICTION

SUMMER. By EDITH WHARTON. Macmillan, 1917. 6*s*. net.

If her previous work had left any doubt upon the matter (which it did not), this short novel would be sufficient to establish for Mrs. Wharton a position as one of the most conscientious and sensitive artists in words now living. The story is simplicity itself and as old as fiction—or fact. Just the idyll of an unsophisticated—no, that is hardly the word, inexperienced rather—village girl and a youth from the great world who loved and rode away. But of this slight romance in a New England mountain setting the writer has built a story of haunting insight and beauty, which will live (or should) in the affectionate memory of all who can appreciate a small thing exquisitely done.

THE SOUL OF A BISHOP. By H. G. WELLS. Cassell, 1917. 6*s*. net.

Was it not Stevenson himself who criticised the introduction of a powder into Jekyll and Hyde as being too material an agency for the spiritual and symbolic effect produced? Much the same objection might be urged here. Mr. Wells's Bishop has his vague misgivings focussed and his mind definitely turned to resignation through the instrumentality of a mysterious drug prescribed for him by the deputy of his customary adviser. The result was three flaming visions, in which the conscience of the patient is brought close to Mr. Wells's conception of ultimate God. . . .

Naturally, the thing is extraordinarily well written. Mr. Wells is an accomplished craftsman; he gets his effects with admirable ease and finish. The wit—of the early chapters especially—is delightfully stimulant: one recalls the comparison of the old cathedral church in an industrial district as looking "like a lady abbess who had taken to drink and slept in a coal-truck." Elsewhere there is good entertainment in a sketch in the author's best vein of social satire of Mrs. Garstein Fellows and her classified week-end house-parties. Perhaps the doctrinal part of the book is less wholly satisfactory; but, at all events, Mr. Wells reveals himself as wonderfully conversant with the inner life of palaces—episcopal variety.

THE RED PLANET. By WILLIAM J. LOCKE. John Lane. 6*s*.

Mr. Locke has followed *The Wonderful Year*, his interesting story of France at the outbreak of war, by an admirable picture of England under the red planet Mars. We see the war through the eyes of an old soldier, for the tale is told in the first person, but it loses nothing by this, for it flows naturally and easily along, and is very full of the real things that are happening to all in the towns and villages of England. The chief scenes of *The Red Planet* are set in Wellingsford, an ideal English village, where Major Meredith, paralysed in the legs since the Boer War, has come to dwell peacefully with his soldier servant Marigold. When the war happens these two warriors are much affected by it, and the whole book is a clever psychological study of the effect of war upon the group of typical English folk who dwell in Wellingsford, the central figure of whom, Leonard Boyce, V.C., embodies the dual personality of hero and villain. He is quite one of the cleverest bits of character-drawing we have had from Mr. Locke, and the book is altogether a notable production.

GONE TO EARTH. By MARY WEBB. Constable. 5*s*. net.

A clever and arresting story by the author of *The Golden Arrow*, full of beautiful descriptive passages and convincing characters. It deals in elemental things, and has for its heroine a wild, untutored gypsy, who is pursued by two men of divergent type. There is a good deal of wit and spontaneous humour in the writing, but the undertone of tragedy is never absent, and the story moves on with dramatic swiftness to a climax one feels to be inevitable. *Gone to Earth* is a story of quite exceptional charm and individuality.

CHRISTINE. By ALICE CHOLMONDELEY. Macmillan. 6*s*. net.

Christine is the story told in letters of a young English girl who goes to Berlin in May, 1914, and is living there at the outbreak of the war. We are told in the preface to these letters that Christine, the daughter of the author, died at a hospital at Stuttgart on the morning of August 8th,

1914, of acute double pneumonia. Her letters, which are now given to the world, are entirely unedited, and are of quite exceptional value as an impression and complete analysis of the German character just before and in the first days of war. Christine was a musical genius, and during her brief stay in Berlin she had the opportunity of observing life at a middle-class *pension*, and afterwards as a guest in a Junker household. The letters betray an extraordinary penetration and completeness of understanding rare in one so young as the writer.

POETRY AND DRAMA

PLAYS OF GODS AND MEN. By LORD DUNSANY. Fisher Unwin, 1917. 3*s*. 6*d*. net.

The writer needs no introduction to-day, but we are told that these four plays are the first of his works to be published in Ireland. They are entirely characteristic in fantasy and bizarre beauty of a dramatist who has been called "the only worthy successor of Yeats in the history of the Irish theatre." Incidentally it may also be mentioned that Lord Dunsany is the only Irish playwright of importance who has resisted the convention of peasant drama. Perhaps the most theatrically effective of the present plays is that successfully macabre study, *A Night in an Inn*. There is an undeniable thrill here, and a knowledge of what will "carry" in a playhouse not always to be found in the more poetic fables.

WAR

SENLIS. By CICELY HAMILTON. Collins. 3*s*. 6*d*. net.

In this little volume Miss Cicely Hamilton combines the story of a town and of a crime. Half the book is a sympathetic and brightly written history of Senlis as it existed before the war, and as part of it still lives to-day. The other half deals with the methodical brutalities that have given its name a place in the unforgivable catalogue of German crime. Senlis was in little what Paris was to have been on a larger scale. The methodical destruction, quarter by measured quarter, the calculated devilry

of French women and children driven forward as shields to the invaders, the murder of innocent hostages—all this is what Senlis recalls now and will recall for generations yet unborn. Miss Hamilton wisely leaves such a tale to tell itself, unembellished by rhetorical aids. Facts, and some excellent photographs supply all the eloquence required.

THE BROWN BRETHREN. By PATRICK MACGILL. Herbert Jenkins. 6*s*. net.

Rifleman Patrick Macgill is a great realist as well as an artist and a poet—a rare combination which has given him a unique place in the world of literature. His pre-war books were Zolaesque in their accuracy of detail and intensity of purpose. We have found his poems lyrical and beautiful, and his war-songs and war-books realistic, and graphic glimpses of trench-life as seen through the eyes of the common soldier. *The Brown Brethren* is the third of the war-books published since the young author took his part in the great contest with the Irish Rifles, and it is in every way a worthy follower of *The Red Horizon* and *The Great Push*. It is concerned chiefly with the adventures of Thomas Bubb, nicknamed "Spudhole," a typical Cockney; Sergeant Snogger, who substituted "w" for "r" when speaking; Bowdy Benners, who drank French beer like a fish; and Fitzgerald, a young Irishman with a college education. These men, with others of their platoon who share all the horrors of trench warfare, are always laughing and jesting with the characteristic philosophy of the British Tommy. But Patrick Macgill hides nothing of the grim horror of the battlefield; he lets us see it with much the same vividness as Henri Barbusse in *Under Fire*, and by so doing he renders the same service to English readers as the French *poilu* does for our Allies. Such books as these should be of considerable value in influencing the future generations to cease war.

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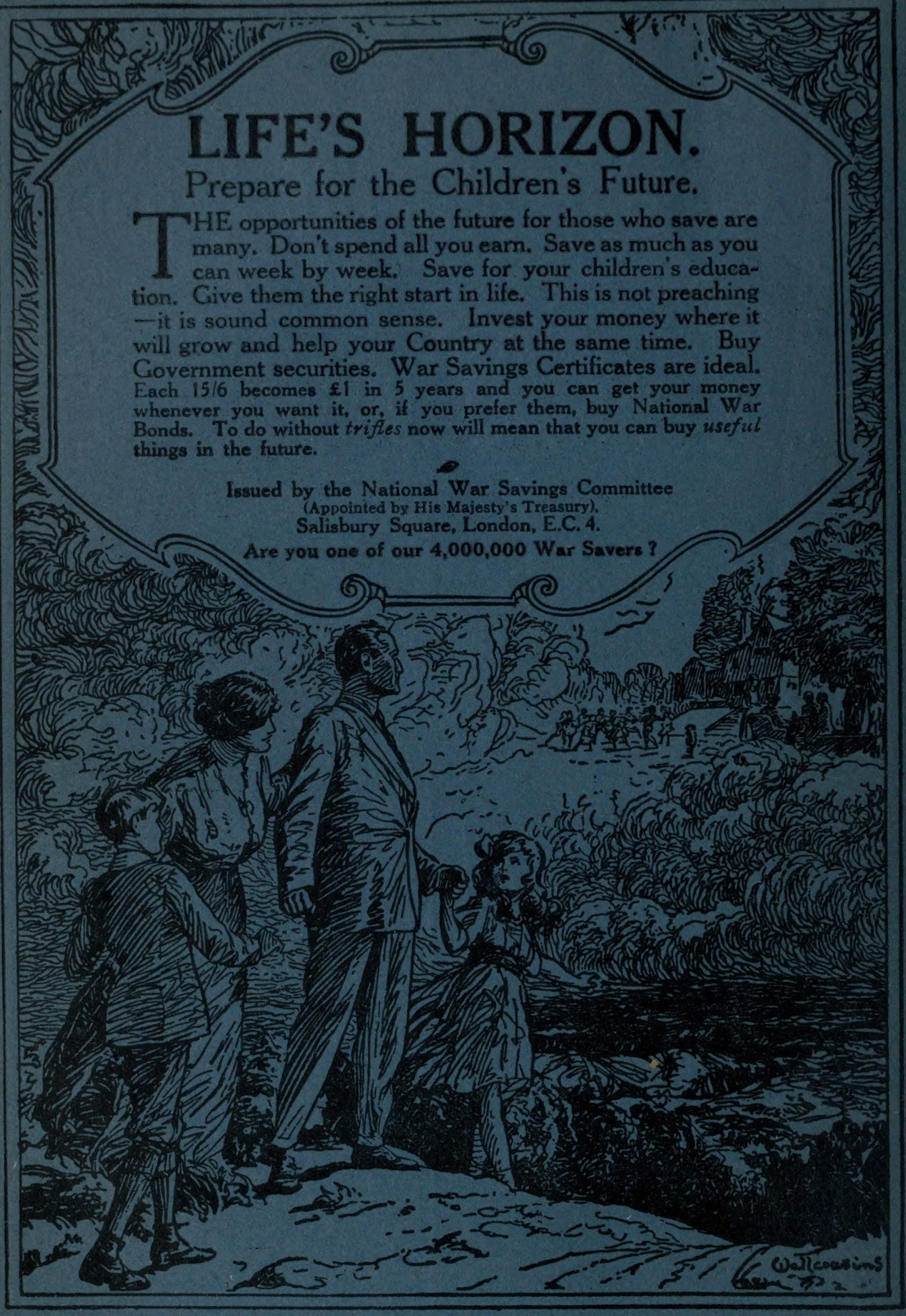

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